HAROLD LASKI **By Kingsley Martin**

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The Premiers in Delhi

It is good news that the Prime Ministers of India and Pakistan have agreed on a joint statement dealing with the violence in Bengal, and that they are to confer together in Delhi. This means that Mr. Patel, whose support is essential in any settlement, will be able to take part in the discussions. It is understood that the Premiers have already agreed to make absolutely clear their joint determination to end the looting, arson and murder which have recently reached horrifying dimensions in Bengal; that they will provide full protection to minorities in their territories, and do all in their power to stem the tide of migration which, according to the most moderate estimate, has involved the arrival of some 300,000 Hindu refugees in India, and 200,000 Muslims in Eastern Pakistan.

The two Premiers have to deal with a situation which goes far beyond the new outbreak of communal terror in Bengal. In India and Pakistan alike, excitement, threats of violence and counter-violence, and rumours of war have gone to unprecendented lengths. Terror once again stalks the countryside on both sides of the frontier. With each murder the number of refugees increases in volume and the cry goes up for reprisals. Liaquat Ali Khan, after his visit to East Pakistan, pointed out that the scale of outrage there had been grossly exaggerated in Indian, especially Calcutta, newspapers. Hindus may truthfully retort that the efforts of their most irresponsible papers are pale in comparison with the fanatical violence of the Muslim *Dawn*. The facts on both sides of the frontier are bad enough without exaggeration.

The strange fact is that, soberly considered, no cause that any responsible person can state exists for war, or even for hostility between the two Dominions. Reports from the sub-Continent agree that the disputes are not of substance but the result of a psychological malaise. If there are Muslim fanatics who are sure that India is preparing to invade Pakistan, there are equally Hindu nationalists who declare that Pakistan is preparing to attack India, and who threaten Nehru's life in terms similar to those employed against the Mahatma just before his assassination.

In all of this we are sure of one thing—that Pandit Nehru will insist on the principle on which the new India is founded. As long as he has breath in his body he will struggle for the creation of a democratic India in which all communities, including the Muslim minority, may live at peace. Liaquat Ali Khan, though a fervent nationalist, is also a reasonable man who desires peace. If these two can agree and carry through the policy of pacification in Bengal, it is surely not too much to hope that the other causes of hatred and suspicion between the two Dominions may also prove amenable to negotiation.

If, for instance, a mediator can be found acceptable to both sides, it seems obvious that a settlement can be found to the Kashmir problem. The distribution of canal waters in Punjab; the difficulties raised by Pakistan's refusal to devalue the rupee; the repayment for evacuee property and the conditions of a plebiscite in Kashmir—on which, in principle, both are agreed—these are surely matters which can be settled peaceably, always provided that the Premiers have enough influence in their own countries to curb the excesses of newspapers and politicians who are now criminally exploiting the passionate ignorance of the masses.

Adenauer Makes Conditions

Not unexpectedly, the Bonn Government has lost no time in exploiting for its own purposes the growing desire of the Governments of Western Europe and the United States to assure themselves of another ally against the East. Churchill's newly repeated demand this week for a German army can only confirm the Bonn Government in its intentions. The chief of these, now scarcely camouflaged, is to quicken the process of "equalisation" between the West German State and the Governments of Western Union. To that end Chancellor Adenauer has now announced three conditions which the Western Powers must grant before he can accept the invitation to join the Council of Europe that was forwarded to Bonn last autumn. These are that the three occupying Powers should declare in writing that that they hold the entry of the "Federal Republic" into the Council of Europe to be desirable; that they should give a formal assurance that the Saar's membership of the Council is only provisional; and that the "Federal Republic's" status as an associate member should pass rapidly to full membership. Behind these conditions, evidently, is the belief—which Churchill and the military staffs of Western Union seem to be doing their best to encourage—that Western Europe needs the

"Federal Republic" (or at least its big battalions and its armaments industries) far more than the Federal Republic needs Western Europe. As things are now, this belief is probably right.

Mr. Bevin showed in his reply to Churchill on Tuesday that he is aware of the likely consequences of this situation. Yet his speech, which reads in parts curiously like that of a leader of the Opposition to Churchill as Foreign Secretary, offered no sign of a more vigorous and independent British policy in Germany. Having failed in the last five years to make any perceptible change in the social and economic structure of the British Zone, he has apparently accepted the "Federal Republic" as a respectable partner, if not yet as an ally. Late in the day, he now argues against "bargains and terms" with the Germans. These are implicit, however, in his present policy. Unless he strikes hard for the neutralisation of Germany under Four-Power agreement and guarantees, there is nothing he can do to prevent the present leaders of Western Germany from levering themselves into the Continental leadership of Western Europe. Whatever it may be now or may become, Western Union in that case will develop most surely and speedily into a coalition of Right-wing fanatics. Already de Gaulle has given this prospective coalition his own obscurantist blessing, and in return received Mr. Churchill's blessing. From this to the doctrine of preventive war is a short step indeed.

Our German Allies?

The failure of the Western Allies to effect any genuine change in the structure of West German society is now common knowledge. Even so, there are still unpleasant surprises. Few are more illuminating of the true state of affairs in the "Federal Republic," perhaps, than a recent decision of a Munich court to release two notorious S.S. officers from prison. The case is worth recording. *SS-Obersturmbannfuehrer* Oswald Schäfer and *Kriminalrat* Dr. Richard Lebkücher, were Gestapo officials whose task during much of the war was to deal out "special treatment" to recalcitrant slave-workers from the East European countries. Their "short treatment", as the Gestapo called it, meant mere flogging and bruising or despatch to a concentration camp. Their "special treatment," as these two officials admitted, involved death by strangling in the basement of Gestapo headquarters in Munich. During trial, Schäfer admitted to having "recommended" strangling in "about ten cases," while Lebkücher was involved in "from 25 to 40" such cases. These two men are now released on the grounds that their crimes were committed by orders from above. They were greeted, on coming out of prison, by a crowd of sympathisers.

Such treatment of convicted murderers has not passed without a protest even in Bavaria. The Bavarian Assembly denounced it in vigorous terms. The trade unions have declared that this release of "the most merciless of all the Gestapo officials of Munich" is a blow at the whole concept of right and wrong. The American High Commissioner has been asked to use his veto on the declaration of release. It is to be hoped he will do so. Yet these are only two particularly bad cases: the vast majority of their colleagues are long since back in circulation. They will be delighted, we have no doubt, to "stand in the line"—as Churchill put it—with anyone who will put them into uniform again.

No Solution in Belgium

After a week which began with strikes and rioting, a solution to the constitutional crisis seems no nearer. After M. Eyskens had given up his attempt to form a new Government, another effort was made by Count Carton de Wiart, the "elder statesman" of the Social Christian Party. This also failed, largely because only the most reckless members of the S.C.P. failed to see the folly of forming a single-party minority Government pledged to bring back the King.

The deadlock continued, and a special meeting of the rarely-convened Council of State was unable to reach any compromise solution. The Regent then asked M. Albert Deveze, the Liberal leader, to form a Cabinet. This has given the Liberals a chance to put forward their solution for the crisis, whereby Leopold would return for a few months on the understanding that he would then abdicate in favour of his son, Prince Baudouin. The Social Christians would probably accept this, hoping that once the King actually returned to Brussels it might prove very difficult to send him on his travels again. But, for the same reason, the Socialists will be most reluctant to accept this formula. Leopold has a habit of changing his mind when the wind blows in his favour. Once before, he seemed willing to abdicate if the Socialists would agree his honour was cleansed. When, for the sake of agreement, they were prepared to make such a declaration, he said that if his honour was unstained there was no reason to abdicate.

From this impasse, there seems to be no way out except a general election, in which either the Social Christians would win a clear majority, or would be defeated. But even should they win, they would be foolish to bring Leopold back and further stimulate the bitter divisions in the country. On this issue, the Socialists would be wise to stick to their opposition to a single-party monarch.

Reaction in Greece

The Government formed in Athens last week by Sophocles Venizelos is a clear and wilful perversion of the results of the General Election of March 5, and another proof of the unwillingness of the Greek court, general staff, and rich merchants' clique to make the slightest real concession to democratic procedures. We have seen no better comment than that of the Right-wing "Socialist" leader, Papandreou, himself deeply involved in the policies of the Greek regime since the end of 1944.

> This solution writes a most tragic page in the political history of Greece, and is a flagrant denial of the popular will. Venizelos has not kept his word. It was not only personal reasons, but rather political and national reasons, which called for a government led by General Plastiras. Unhappily, the personal ambition of Venizelos has pushed him into refusing the only solution which was both parliamentary and in the interests of the country. Venizelos has formed a government which will bring down new sufferings upon Greece.

The outlook in Greece is now so fraught with dangers that it will be well to keep in mind exactly what has happened. In spite of every discouragement, ranging from brute force to the refinements of electoral gerrymandering, the people of Greece voted into being a Parliament which expressed an unmistakable desire for new policies and new men. The Right-wing extremists who had conducted the civil war were heavily defeated; in their place there emerged a majority for the Centre and Left-centre parties. On the morrow of the poll the three "Liberal" parties—of General Plastiras, of Papandreou, and of Venizelos—issued a joint declaration in which they pledged themselves to stand together for the formation of a government under Plastiras. Then came unexplained delays. The whole apparatus of Right-wing propaganda was mobilised to defeat this three-party project. Two weeks later, it was known that Venizelos had ratted on his undertaking, and would form a minority Government with the agreed backing of the Right-wing Populists. Announced on March 24, this Government is the child of the worst reactionary influence in Greece.

It would be wrong to blame the Greeks alone. Patently, the Western Allies—and mainly the Americans—have had their share in this lamentable decision. Had Plastiras received American and British backing, even in the form of private assurances of good will, he could surely have kept Venizelos to his word. Had the royal court been plainly told that the Western Allies expected a Government in conformity with the results of the election, the tie-up between Venizelos and the Right-wing extremists would have never come about. As it is, the Americans have presented Europe with a clear and perhaps catastrophic proof of their preference for unadulterated reaction in Greece. There is lost a great opportunity, and perhaps the last, of steering Greece upon a new and moderate course.

The Chancellor's Problem

It sounds as if Sir Stafford Cripps had not said much in answer to the deputation from the Trades Union Congress which waited on him this week. Indeed, he could not possibly have said much without giving away Budget secrets. The deputation must, however, have warned him that the wages front cannot possibly be held any longer unless he is able to announce, when he presents his Budget next month, both substantial concessions to working-class taxpayers and some means of preventing the continuance of very high gross profits and of the seeping over of more and more of them into increased dividends despite the voluntary limitation of distributions which was the original, by no means satisfactory, complement to the freezing of wages. This week, the restiveness on the salaries front has been further illustrated by the appearance of a number of resolutions calling for substantial increases on the agenda for the forthcoming conference of Nalgo—the main association of blackcoats in the local government services.

Meanwhile the N.U.R., by taking its wage claim to the Railway Staff Tribunal, has brought the other two railway unions—the Locomotive Engineers and the Clerks—into the argument;

and there have been threats of an impending ban on overtime if something is not done to meet the claims of the lower grades. These claims will be pressed all the more in view of the Transport Commission's demand for higher freight charges; for why, the railwaymen will ask, should they continue to suffer if the charges are to be increased?

Uneasy Truce in Australia

For the moment, the strong-arm tactics adopted by Mr. Menzies in alliance with Australian Big Business have paid a dividend. Following the Federal Government's invocation of the Crimes Act, under which the penalty for inciting a strike is up to one year's imprisonment, the Waterside Workers have sent the Brisbane strikers back to work and decided to let the port's long-standing labour dispute go to arbitration; and, at an inter-State emergency conference, trade union leaders resolved that strike action to enforce wage increases generally should be held in suspense for two months. In mid-May, however, a special Union Congress will be held to review the situation; and it is by no means certain that by then the Left-wing of the industrial movement in Australia may not have succeeded in rallying behind it a much more solid opposition to the Government's strike-breaking policy.

Technologists at Issue

At a meeting of the Royal Society this week the protagonists in the dispute over higher technological education met again and fought a further indecisive action. Broadly, the question is whether the gaps in British training in the higher ranges of technology should be filled by further development of the existing facilities, mainly at the Universities, or by setting up a brand new College or Institute of Technology on the model of the famous Massachusetts Institute. The type of education in question is essentially different from that which is available at most of the local Technical Colleges for which the local authorities are responsible, as these colleges deal mainly with the training of specialised technicians as contrasted with technologists who have received a higher mathematical or scientific education. The Imperial College of Science and the Manchester College of Technology are already at work in this higher field, and so are many of the scientific departments of the Universities.

Lord Cherwell and those who agree with him reject the view that what is needed can best be done by expanding the existing agencies, and demand a totally new institution of university status. Most university scientists seem to take the opposing view that the higher technological studies will get on better if they are not isolated from other kinds of higher scientific work and are developed by building on to the existing premises. Mixed up with the dispute is the quite different question of how large the potential demand for higher technologists really is. The expansion of the universities in the scientific field has already almost caught up with the actual demand of industry; but it is argued that this demand is much too small and that new measures are needed to stimulate an increase. To the outsider, it looks rather as if the pressure for a new institute is partly inspired by the desire to make a startling new departure in order to stir business men up, and as if, in practice, the existing institutions could do best what is needed, if they were given the necessary help.

Strikes and M. Peyré

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The widespread strikes, which have lasted for nearly a month, are virtually over, and, in terms of material benefits, the strikers have gained next to nothing. With the exception of some smaller firms, which agreed to substantial increases, most strikers have gone back with little more than the 5 per cent. rise originally proposed by the Government. There is considerable bitterness among the 34,000 men of the State-owned Renault works, just as there is among the workers of many large private firms. Yet the strikes may not have been completely in vain. They have demonstrated to the Government that there is more widespread public feeling in favour of a "fair deal" for the working class than it supposed.

"Fair play for the workers" was a demand loudly voiced at this week's meeting of the National Committee of the M.R.P.; and though the big employers continue to be in a fighting mood, the Government is now showing signs of wishing to "appease" the trade unions. The setting up of an "anti-trust tribunal" to "protect competition" and so to fight high prices is being considered; and, for some months to come, the French working class may, in the main, be expected to be quiet, feeding on hopes and promises—and on vegetables and farm produce which, thanks to a mild and rainy winter and spring, are tending to go down in price. But France's greatest problem—that of giving a fair share to the working class—has not been settled yet.

Meantime, the Parliamentary Committee of Inquiry into the Peyré *affaire* has at last produced one tangible result. It has asked the Minister of Defence to take "administrative, judiciary, and disciplinary" proceedings against Generals Mast and Revers. This first "positive" achievement by the Committee has come after several days of violent squabbles amongst its members. The Chairman of the Committee, M. Michelet, and two other de Gaullist members had been accused by the Socialist members of trying to "cook" evidence against M. Vincent Auriol, or at any rate against a member of his family—a move, the Socialists asserted, which was in keeping with the campaign launched against the Presidency by *Carrefour,* the widely read de Gaullist weekly.

Although there are still a lot of points to be clarified by the Committee of Inquiry, two clear impressions emerge—one, that the de Gaullist attempt to stir up nation-wide sentiment against the regime has failed; the other, that the public is becoming increasingly bored with the whole affair. For one thing, it is too complicated and involved to follow, and, moreover, all these rivalries between different intelligence services, colonial cliques, and business interests lack the grotesque and fruity melodrama of the *affaire Stavisky,* with its murders, suicides, gangster plots, and its panorama of the top-hatted part of the Paris underworld.

PARLIAMENT: Settling Down

Wednesday.

STRUGGLE has produced a strong tradition of loyalty in the Labour Party. To some it's almost a religion. Tragically, excess of zeal causes casualties. For the most part backbenchers are spontaneously resolved to uphold this Government with every vote for as long as may be. Aware that Opposition leaders cannot make up their minds on tactics and company-directing Tories are liable to absenteeism, they rely on their Ministers to use superior discipline to advantage. Determination not to embarrass these Ministers reflects itself in the comparative absence of awkward Questions from Labour Members and reluctance to ballot for adjournment motions. Last week the Tories had all the half-hours. Yet there is less of the "loyalty complex" so far. No one is shouting for Brockway's expulsion and witch-hunting has practically disappeared. Most members of the "Keep Left" group and the *Tribune* tendency were re-elected, and many have the necessary debating skill to deal with the new Tories. Their past activities have kept them all out of office, but on that account earned them more esteem.

Recriminations are absent. After all, Labour won the election and welcomes 34 new Members among the 315; the only object of recrimination is "redistribution." Pressure-groups are difficult to discern. There are pacifists, Christian Socialists, and "Keep Left" members, but despite Mr. Morrison and Mr. Bevan there are no clear lines between Right and Left; nor is there any friction discernible between trade unionists and "intellectuals." Foreign policy is in the cupboard and new skeletons have not emerged. The earnest, practical task of sustaining a Government with a razor-blade majority is not a stimulus to forward thinking. It is this lack of bigger issues that has given the Seretse *affaire*—a matter of conscience to many—a certain explosive significance. However, the dominating question is, "Should the Election be early or late?" and discussion is largely in terms of tactical experiences unrelated to policy.

The reconstructed Government stands firmly in the middle of the road, a dangerous place in which to mark time. This is, above all, Morrison's choice, and the new men like Webb, who have technique and are aware of public opinion, are anxious to please. Bevan, temporarily eclipsed, is almost as lone a figure as Shinwell was. Bevin, obviously a very tired man, is weakened by Alexander's elevation and Creech Jones's exclusion, and is now harassed rather contemptuously by the Tories. On his own side he commands sympathy rather than support, for nothing fails like failure. One election broadcast has done him more damage than all the critics of foreign policy. While the hands of Bevin and Bevan are perceptibly less strong, the Prime Minister, with his moral appeal and Cabinet finesse, remains indispensable, and Morrison, with his tactical approach, is in the ascendant.

Another factor unites them: awe of Cripps. The Chancellor, like Moses, has gone up the mountain and nobody knows what he will bring back. What the Party wants is not the commandment to do good so much as the reward for having done it. Workers have persistently recorded a greater rise in productivity than the Treasury estimated and deserve a break. Will Cripps bring back an orthodox Budget, based on the view that wages will rise anyway, and jeopardise Labour's electoral prospects? Or will he at last produce a redistributive Budget which will excite enthusiasm amongst the workers and annoy the Tories.

STEPHEN SWINGLER

Elbow Room for the Chancellor

If the Chancellor, as is reported, was reticent in his latest discussion of the wages-prices problem with the T.U.C. General Council, this year's *Economic Survey* which his planning staff has produced cannot be said to be much more communicative. In part, this caginess arises from perfectly intelligible causes. For instance, the results of devaluation are not yet felt in full; it is thus particularly difficult to forecast with any precision the course of export-import trade. We are told that it is planned to reduce imports from the dollar area by 25 per cent.; that it is hoped that the rest of the sterling area's considerable deficit last year with the dollar area will be turned into a small credit; and that, in consequence, the aggregate net gold and dollar deficit which will have to be met out of Marshall Aid will be under $800 millions, as compared with over $1,500 millions in 1949. But even this estimate rests on the assumptions that the five millions now out of work in the United States will not increase, that the Americans will accept larger imports from this country, that the competitive advantages resulting from sterling devaluation can be maintained, and that British productivity will continue to improve.

As regards this last, crucial factor in the calculations, the *Survey* has to admit to last year's gross under-estimate. A year ago, the planners forecast an increase of 2½ per cent. It is now stated that in 1949 there was an overall gain of 4 per cent., and an increase of no less than 5½ per cent. in the industries covered by the Index of Production. As a result, though "total money expenditure was running at an excessively high level" the degree of inflationary pressure was less. For the coming year, "no specific target is set for productivity"—an omission presumably due not only to the planners' desire to avoid repetition of error but also to the Government's fear that the disclosure in coming months of surpassed targets might furnish restive trade unions with an embarrassingly cogent argument to back up demands for automatic wage increases. But in order to forecast the national income in 1950, some "assumptions" about productivity have had to be made. These are that, in the industries covered by the Index, output will rise by 3½ per cent. On this basis it is calculated that the value of the gross national product at market prices should increase by approximately £500 millions. Thus, when allowance is made for a small prospective surplus of exports over imports, a rise of £180 millions in current expenditure on goods and services by public authorities and an estimated reduction of £30 millions (mainly, we regret to note, at the expense of housing) in capital investment, there will be an increase of roughly £250 millions in the value of goods and services available for consumers.

What inferences can be drawn from this conclusion? Clearly no sensational change in fiscal or wages policy is contemplated; indeed it is expressly stated that the Government "regard it as of vital importance that we should continue the major economic and financial policies by which we have been guided over the last three years."

> Reasonable restraint in our personal claims upon production, increased efficiency and lower costs in industry, the elimination of all waste in the public and private sectors of our economy alike, are a necessary price with which to obtain our objectives of economic independence and improved standards of living.

From this it is to be surmised that Sir Stafford has no intention of abruptly reversing his course: safeguards against runaway inflation are still to be the order of the day. Nevertheless, the tentative assumption that there should be £250 millions more for personal consumption clearly gives him some scope for tactical manoeuvre. Since it is stated that wage increases would only be inflationary "without a corresponding increase in output," it seems safe to assume that "reasonable restraint" does not exclude some concessions to the demands now under negotiation or pending. It is clear, however, that if the lion's share of the £250 millions were to be absorbed by increased pay-rolls, the indirect effect on the price level would quickly reduce the estimated surplus available for consumption.

There remains the possibility of Budget concessions designed either to reduce the cost of living—by decreases, say, in purchase tax—or to increase the net amount available for consumption in the case of lower-income groups. Here, again, all that can be said is that the Chancellor has left himself elbow room, but that if (as we think) it will prove impossible to avoid some wage advances, then he will find it difficult to frame a disinflationary Budget which includes worth-while tax remissions *so long as he confines himself to distributing his estimated aggregate margin.* That is to say, there will have to be redistribution of personal incomes between classes of consumers—reliefs for the needy, balanced by increased burdens on the broader shoulders.

India on the Brink

(*By a Special Correspondent*)

Indo-Pakistan relations are, in the words of Pandit Nehru, "very bad." When, some weeks ago, the Indian Prime Minister made his official appeal to Pakistan, that both Dominions pledge themselves to settle all outstanding disputes without resort to arms, he tacitly admitted the possibility of conflict. Since then, in political circles, in the press and at public meetings, the subject is being openly discussed in spite of official condemnation; and recent events in Bengal—murders and outrages followed by a mass flight of refugees from both sides of the frontier—have fanned this smouldering fire.

Trouble began on December 17 in Kalshira, when the Pakistan local police went to arrest a "Hindu Scheduled Caste Communist." The man's family resisted, and a policeman was killed. District police, assisted by "Ansars," an armed volunteer force similar to the Moslem League Guard and the R.S.S., carried out reprisals against twenty surrounding villages, involving their inhabitants in an orgy of loot, arson, killings and abductions reminiscent of the Punjab.

Only next month, when the refugees began to arrive in Calcutta, was this known. Subsequent disturbances in the city resulted in the deaths of 11 Hindus and 20 Moslems, with a long list of injured on both sides. Since then, there have been clashes between Santhals and the Pakistan police at Nachole, further incidents at Murshidabad, 300 killed at Chittagong, 500 at Barisal, and at Dacca 1,000, though the Pakistan authorities say only 200. The most frightening aspect of the matter is that one third of the population of East Pakistan, or 12,500,000 people, are non-Moslems. The possibility of an exchange of populations has been ruled out by Pandit Nehru as un-arithmetical, to say the least; but a mass exodus of even a part of this figure would surely spell certain catastrophe for the already unstable Bengal Provincial Government.

Interpretations of the Bengal situation vary. It is generally agreed that it is of communal and not Communist origin. There is no evidence that it is inspired from abroad, *i.e.*, from Burma. It could perhaps be linked with Assam, where, it was recently discovered, 500,000 Pakistanis have in the past eighteen months unofficially installed themselves. Pakistan is said to regard this territory as unjustly allocated to India in the partition. Then, certain economic explanations are being put forward. *Janata*, the official Socialist Party weekly, features a cartoon underlining Pakistan's economic difficulties, lack of coal and steel and jute markets, which are being set off by communal "distractions."

Another economic aspect of the situation is that the refugees now leaving East Pakistan are poor agriculturists, while those leaving Calcutta are the artisan class. The wealthier and better educated Hindus, about 1,800,000 of them, have left East Pakistan in the past two and a half years. An Indian Government official dealing with the present situation interprets it as a manœuvre to get rid of peasants in return for skilled labour which Pakistan will need for the jute mills she proposes to build, along with other industrial projects, in East Pakistan. This may be a little far-fetched, but it fits in with the Indian Prime Minister's general view of the situation, that the wealthier, educated class who could be leaders are being squeezed out, leaving behind a helpless mass who can be "pushed around or forcibly converted."

The general interpretation of the Bengal situation by Congress leaders, as distinct from the Indian Government, is that it is the inevitable fulfilment of the "two-nation theory" on which Pakistan is founded. Pakistan, in spite of her official protestations to the contrary, seems bent on making herself into a theocratic state. Extremist elements are certainly forcing the more sophisticated members of the Government in this direction. Pursuit of this medieval conception of State is fraught with danger both for Pakistan internally and for her neighbour India. Pandit Nehru recently expressed his interpretation of the whole series of incidents between the two countries since partition in these words :

> Pakistan was founded on the demand for the recognition of the two-nation theory. We don't accept the two-nation theory and we are sticking to that. The two-nation theory followed to its logical conclusion means that one tries to exterminate the other by conflict or some other means. We hated partition not for sentimental reasons but because we could see the terrible consequences coming out of it.

Most thinking Indians are beginning to realise the truth of this. Junagadh, Kashmir, Hyderabad, the Canal Waters Dispute, Non-Devaluation, Jute stoppages, Coal stoppages and now the Bengal disturbances are the result and not the cause of the " two-nation " theory. What is to be done ? Can India passively accept the pernicious effects of partition even if the original fault is hers in having allowed herself to be persuaded into accepting a settlement based on false principles ? All this and much more is building up to a crisis between the two countries which may end in armed conflict.

On the Pakistan side there has been a great deal of reckless talk about war ever since the Kashmir incident opened, but it was probably intended for home consumption. The tribal problem has not been solved ; and, lacking the funds to stifle it in the traditional British way, Pakistan has been recruiting tribesmen. Western countries know only too well where this sort of expedient often leads. Finance Minister Ghulam Mohammed has announced a budget with 50.9 crores from revenue and 24.7 crores from capital—60 per cent of the total—for Defence. It is difficult to imagine that the modern element in Pakistan could seriously contemplate a war in which they would either have to conquer like the Moghuls or be completely ruined.

On the Indian side, Nehru has taken up the Gandhian attitude that, having accepted partition, one must accept its evil consequences, cope with each local problem of violence as it arises, and maintain ideals with dignity in the face of provocation. Nehru's power in India is certainly predominant in spite of much said to the contrary. How far he can take India with him along the path of forbearance remains to be seen. Bengal is at the moment quite hysterically worked up against the Prime Minister ; so are a certain minority in the Central Assembly ; and Socialists have even asked, rather ambiguously it is true, for armed intervention in East Pakistan. The Mahasabhites, who are allowed a curious amount of latitude by the Home Ministry, are arousing communalism wherever they can.

The mantle of Mahatma Gandhi has fallen on Nehru, who is wearing it befittingly ; but the present situation is such that one could not be sure of a way out being found by a superman. Circumstances are sometimes too strong for individuals. It remains to be seen whether partition, the evil genius of this sub-continent, will run its fatal course or whether it can still, at this late hour, be set aside by good-will and common sense.

Delhi, March 23

H. J. Laski

THE time when Harold Laski's name was familiar to the largest number of people was in the 1945 election when he was chosen as chief bogyman by Churchill and Beaverbrook. This incident will not seem important in Laski's career. It hurt him deeply and had a permanent effect on his health. A great reputation, however, is not permanently damaged by headlines nor has publicity much to do with influence. In Laski's case I should say that, significant though his books have been to the thinking of this generation, valuable though his indefatigably loyal service has been to the Labour Party, and effective though his eloquence proved on innumerable platforms, it is not to any of these that his unique influence can be traced. It was most of all as a teacher that Harold Laski achieved greatness. All over the world his students are among the leaders of the democratic cause. For a generation his name has been one to conjure with—in America, where it is at least as widely known as in England; in India and, indeed, throughout Asia; in all the Dominions; in Europe, particularly in Germany and Scandinavia and, finally, to an increasing extent, in Africa, where students, discovering their role in the world struggle, found in Laski that passionate demand for social justice without which his demand for economic and administrative realism would have been made in vain.

It was when Laski returned from America to lecture at the London School of Economics in 1920 that I first met him. I was myself an undergraduate at Cambridge. Four years later I became his assistant in the department of political science. I got to know him very well, personally, academically and politically. In 1920 he was 26 years of age. When Graham Wallas retired in 1926, Laski took his place as Professor of Political Science. He had already accomplished a surprising amount since he left Manchester Grammar School at the age of 15. After two years' research work with Karl Pearson, followed by a precocious First at New College, he had taken a lecturing post at McGill University and worked for three years at Harvard with Professor (later Mr. Justice) Felix Frankfurter and the rest of that brilliant crowd of New England lawyers. He left Harvard because he had outraged the authorities by an indiscreet but courageous intervention in the famous Boston police strike, which was suppressed by Mr. Coolidge. He had already published two surprisingly erudite volumes of political theory and established himself as an authority on constitutional law and an exponent of the pluralist view of the State which he had derived and adapted from Gierke and Maitland.

In those days Laski produced an extraordinary impression. He was a very small man with a very big head. He was also very young and completely self-confident. He would talk on equality about their own subjects with specialists in every field. As his erudition and range of reading were really remarkable, his performance impressed all the listeners except, sometimes, the expert whom he contradicted. His mind was amazingly quick and his capacity for "debunking" books was unequalled. He had a huge repertoire of anecdotes and every day arrived with some fresh, personal story to illuminate the events of the day.

As a speaker, he surprised by the brilliance of his diction, the complexity of his syntax and the apparently bottomless store of his knowledge. What, however, was far more surprising was his ability to captivate enormous audiences of working people. I remember the impression he made as a speaker in the days before he was famous. He would appear, a minute figure on the platform, with his hands behind his back, looking rather like a schoolboy, about to recite. And then, astonishingly, the words would come rolling out in tremendous, Gladstonian, periods. His eloquence was as remarkable as the pungency of his comments. His wit turned out to be exactly the type which working class audiences enjoyed. His attacks on property and privilege were scathing and his repartee blistering. He had great courage in controversy. His books infuriated reviewers who were accustomed to expect a cautious and often evasive work from academic writers. Perhaps his most extraordinary gift was a photographic memory. His annual scores of lectures on the history of political theory may, in the course of years, have become, as students assert, inaccurate in date and unprecise in quotation. But they covered a range of historical and theoretical knowledge which no contemporary could equal; they were delivered without notes year after year, and they never failed in their intention, which was to inspire excitement in students who had never before thought about the subject. He had the supreme gift of the teacher: he made the student want to learn.

This is not the place to assess the permanent value of Professor Laski's political thinking. His Socialism had its origin in the moral revolt against social injustice, and it was not until the capitalist crisis of 1929 that Marxism began to play a dominant part in his political philosophy. Those who would accuse him of being a Liberal are only right in the sense that he began as a disciple of de Tocqueville, Mill and Justice Holmes, and always responded to the appeal of individual liberty. Unlike Liberal philosophers, however, he insisted that the rights of man, originally won for the middle class, meant little to the workers as long as power was in the hands of a monopoly of rich men. Thus he was a Socialist because without Socialism it was cant to talk about either liberty or equality.

Events, however, increasingly compelled his thoughts into Marxist channels. His little book on Communism, critical of Marxism though it was, showed a change in his thinking that was confirmed by the Slump and the Labour Party's debacle in 1931. His new position was summarised in his book *Democracy in Crisis.* In THE NEW STATESMAN & NATION, July, 1935, he wrote in a review of a book by Bukharin:

> . . . no tool at the command of the social philosopher surpasses Marxism either in its power to explain the movement of ideas or its authority to predict their practical outcome. On the nature and function of the State, on legal institutions, on capitalist habits, on historiography, on the development of philosophical systems, Marxism holds the field against any of its rivals. On the breakdown of capitalist democracy, the decline of bour-

geois culture, the rise of Fascism, the role of non-revolutionary Socialism, it has insights not possessed by any alternative method of analysis.

The problem remained whether the conflict in Britain could be resolved without violence or whether our ruling class, which has often given way to democratic demands in the past, would refuse, in the final crisis, to accept a "revolution by consent."

Increasingly, as the conflict between Communism and Social-Democracy sharpened, Laski was confronted by the paradox between his Marxist philosophy of history and his passionate—and ultimately victorious—belief in personal liberty. In the heyday of the Popular Front, when with Strachey and Gollancz he made up the trio which organised the Left Book Club, he was able to resolve that paradox, as did so many British progressives, by seeking a united front against Fascism. But though he championed the Soviet revolution to the end, there were few more devastating critics of Communist tactics, of trials and purges, and the use of conspiratorial techniques in a democratic society. Laski believed that in such a country as Britain, where there is such attachment to personal freedom, the Labour Party was the only possible instrument for establishing Socialism. He fought to maintain co-operation with the Communists as long as possible, but parted company when it was clear that their object was disruption. He remained honestly and even vehemently critical of the Labour Party, but he gave it his loyalty to the end. If he had not been determined to fight for it on so many electoral platforms last month when his strength was clearly exhausted, he would have been alive to-day.

One more thing should be said—perhaps the most important. To those who knew him intimately the strangest fact was the contrast between his public *persona*—the personality which newspaper readers assumed to be his—and Harold Laski, the friend and colleague. Laski's great public qualities made him unpopular as well as popular. In politics he was not always wise, and certainly not always prudent. His books, his oratory, his political and literary writings produced admiration by their vitality, their brilliance and their erudition. But they did not in themselves compel affection: often they were too stylised, too Latinised, too allusive and recondite to be good vehicles of his personality. Yet I have never known a man who was more loved by his friends, especially by students. More remarkable still, perhaps, he was held in great affection even by colleagues who thought his opinions and influence pernicious and by political opponents who, until they met him, talked of him as if he were a traitor for whom hanging was too good. It was indeed impossible to know him without feeling affection for him or to be intimate with him without loving him. I should say that the keynote of his personality was generosity. I have never known anyone else in public life who had so much to give and who gave it so ungrudgingly, who in the midst of innumerable activities was always ready to give to anyone, duke or lame duck, his time, his ideas, his aid, and indeed the whole of himself.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

London Diary

IT is one of the ironies of history, that, just at the moment, when he is formulating a really "tough" American strategy for the cold war, Mr. Acheson should have been called a "bad security risk" by the Republican floor-leader in the Senate. When John Strachey feels depressed, he should study American smear campaigns in election year! It looks, however, as though Mr. Truman is determined to stand by his Secretary of State; and the President's personal loyalty may well pay dividends in the election campaign. Meanwhile it is fascinating to observe what a highly intelligent liberal-minded American regards as the proper basis for any resumption of negotiations with the Kremlin. The chief trouble about Mr. Acheson's "conditions of peace" is that the demands they make are unilateral: "Communists must leave off being Communists and then we can talk turkey." Despite the trimmings, this is only another variant of Unconditional Surrender. The fact is that we must either assume that it is impossible to reach any settlement between the Communist and non-Communist world—in which case Mr. Acheson's conditions of peace are merely political warfare; or we must put forward proposals to which the Politburo could conceivably agree while remaining Communist. The second would seem the more rational procedure.

* * *

Only vicious ignorance could have led Senator McCarthy to dub Owen Lattimore "Russia's top secret agent in America." In fact Lattimore spent much of his life as a business man and a newspaper man in Asia, particularly in the remote parts of Mongolia and Sinkiang. He knew the language of the Mongols, and after many years of studying he wrote the classic *Inner Asian Frontiers of China*, published by the American Geographical Society in 1940, and, a year later, *Mongol Journeys*. His great ability was recognised by the Social Science Research Council, for whom he travelled in Manchuria for three years; fellowships enabled him to work in Peking from 1930 to 1933. On his return to America, he became the Editor of the best informed magazine on Asia—*Pacific Affairs*. His present post is that of Director of the Walter Hines Page School of International Relations at John Hopkins, which he has held since 1938, with the exception of the war years. Like many of his colleagues, he served in the China theatre, first of all as political adviser to Chiang Kai-shek, appointed on President Roosevelt's recommendation, and then as Deputy-Director of the Office of War Information in charge of Pacific operations. When the first American mission visited Japan after the war, he was a member of it, much to the discomfort of General MacArthur. He did not take Lattimore's advice. Neither did Chiang Kai-shek, nor President Truman. And now Owen Lattimore is being made one of the scapegoats for America's downfall in Asia. Anyone who reads Lattimore's most recent work—*The Situation in Asia*—will realise that he has as much constructive wisdom and care for the real interests of the U.S. as Senator McCarthy has short-sighted stupidity.

In the House of Lords debate on flogging, Lord Simon expressed himself puzzled at the inconsistency of the Cadogan Report, which recommended the abolition of corporal punishment except in cases of attacks on prison officers. Historically the truth is that the exception was made reluctantly by the Cadogan Committee as a concession to advocates of flogging. But, in fact, the exception involved no inconsistency since conditions inside and outside prison are totally different. Inside the prison detection of an attack on a warder is certain; it is not merely an unlucky reverse in battle, as arrest appears to a gangster who has accepted a career of crime. In prison he is an individual who will be birched if he hits a warder, just as a schoolboy will be caned if he cheeks a master. But before arrest he is a member of a gang who have pitted their courage and daring against Society. These young thugs fear, not punishment by the police, but the razors of other members of the gang; they fear, above all, to be disgraced in its eyes. Their prestige and livelihood depend on their standing with their fellow gangsters. A fighter, even in the worst of causes, is not deterred from fighting because he hears that the enemy has a new weapon.

* * *

Accounts of this week's election in Yugoslavia recall the argument some of us had when we returned from watching the 1945 election in Belgrade and in the Serbian countryside. The technique of dropping the little rubber ball silently into one of the two boxes, which has been described so dispassionately this week, was denounced in 1945 as a Communist trick by which voters against Tito could be identified. Communists, reputable papers declared, had their ear to the boxes and faked the count. That was to mis-state the whole situation. There were plenty of critics and opponents of the Tito régime in Yugoslavia in 1945; there are many to-day. On both occasions, however, most of them voted for the Government, as they do under all the dictatorships, because, in the absence of an alternative, most people think it safest and best to go along with the crowd, and anyway, being patriotic people, they do not want to vote for the enemies of their country! The joke, on this occasion, is that, for the first time, the Communists are discovering that dictatorship and single-party elections are really very wicked.

* * *

The first two issues of a very lively new fortnightly magazine, *People's China*, have now been published in Pekin. They are unlike past Chinese journals. How far removed from impersonal Confucianism, for example, is the Labour hero Yang Pu-hou who presented 19 pounds of honey and 4 pounds of water melon seeds to an official with an accompanying letter saying that they were all for Chairman Mao Tse-tung, and solemnly pledging his village to work harder to step up production! The new crusading spirit manifests itself in discussions of literacy campaigns and other cultural work in village and factory. New Year's Day in Pekin provided an exciting game of "Catch the War Criminals." Small pictures of Chiang Kai-shek and others were hidden in the park and at the sound of a starter's pistol, "thousands of hands busily combed every corner, trying to find them." This reminds me of a game I once saw in Moscow's Pleasure Park, where pictures of Austen Chamberlain and Hitler were used as targets. The main political theme is that this is a Chinese Revolution. Chinese Communists, the journal points out, mastered the truth that Marxism is not a dogma, but a guide to revolutionary experience. One article I specially recommend to Mr. Acheson—it is written by Madame Sun Yat-sen who, breaking twenty years of political silence, analyses the difference between Soviet and U.S. foreign policies towards China.

* * *

I suppose that all of us in the crowd had Walter Mittyesque fantasies about ski-jumping as we watched the Norwegian champions at Hampstead. I felt rather like the little boy in front of me who kept saying: "How much does it cost Dad? Let's go on," as if it were merely the most exciting roundabout at the fair. But the unctuous assurances of the commentator that it wasn't really dangerous didn't convince me that I could learn how to land on a steep icy slope at forty miles an hour. I'd rather ski well than succeed in any other sport, but I felt sure that if I arrived at the top of the run, I would come down hand over hand, clutching the supports—as a newspaper once described pedestrians holding to the railings to help them along an ice-bound pavement—"like old men playing the harp." Everyone who went to Hampstead enjoyed themselves, even the experts who kept assuring each other that this wasn't the real thing and recalling "so-and-so's jump at the Olympics." I hope this becomes an annual event. But need we import snow? Why not use an ice-crusher as the Americans did recently when premature fine weather spoilt a natural jump? CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

For Hire for the Season. Seaside or Tour. Shares only. The World's Ugliest Woman. Weight 18 stone. 31 years old. 1 tooth. Face full of wrinkles like a prune. Charming personality. —*World's Fair*. (J. S. Vinden.)

Mr. Commissioner Blanco White said, "Bearing in mind that all the parties were very young at the time, it is still improper for an Oxford undergraduate to commit adultery with a woman he knows to be the wife of another undergraduate."—Brighton *Evening Argus*. (J. C. C. Shipham.)

The London designers make clothes for real women; for women who live in the country, drive cars, go shopping, lunch out, sit on committees, drop in for drinks, go to Ascot, give parties, holiday abroad.—*Vogue*. (F. Ali-Khan.)

Sunday cricket will be played at Dulverton, Somerset, to stop boys whistling at girls.—*Daily Mail*. (A. J. N. Carpenter.)

Socialists have objected because some front doors on council house estates at Swindon, Wilts, are bright blue.

The architect advises objectors to move into houses with red doors.—*Daily Express*. (J. D. Derr.)

DRESSED TO KILL

The biggest Army show . . . for eleven years was announced to-day by the War Office. Thousands of troops will parade in full dress ceremonial uniform.

News item, March 27

Where are the boys of the Old Brigade,
The War Department's pride?
Programme-planning for the great parade
On the entertainment side,
Hurrah!
War's entertainment side.
Infantry and cavalry await commands,
They will form in procession with the massed brass bands,
The Hussars and the Guards and the Greys and Grenadiers,
And the Buffs and the Gordons and the female volunteers
With fife and drum and a rum-ti-tum!
In aid of the Old Brigade.

In wartime martial ardour glows,
Between the wars it ebbs;
Pageantry and panoply of military shows
Will soon be pepping up the *plebs*
Bang! bang!
Will soon be pepping up the *plebs*.
When pennants flutter and four-pounders boom,
And the Guards come trotting with cuirass and plume—
For the thin red line and the jingling cavalcade
Are a tonic to recruiting and the tourist trade,
As the ranks file past to the merry bugle's blast,
Say the boys of the Old Brigade.

The War Department will deploy the troops
In uniforms of long ago;
While in far-off Malaya the merry bomber swoops
A-strafing of the jungle foe
Plonk! plonk!
A-strafing of the jungle foe.
Though sabres glitter and dress-swords are keen,
They have slight connection with the war machine;
And though cavalry units in the jousts compete,
The horse is operationally obsolete
With pipe and trump and rub-a-dub thump!
Though dear to the Old Brigade.

Louder than the marches the massed bands play
And the rattle of the drum's tattoo,
There will sound in our ears on Army Day
Noises of the war we knew,
Crump! crump!
Noises of the war we knew.
Though the War Department in shows excels
They would seem more suited to Sadler's Wells.
Tricked out with trappings of martial pride,
Shall the art of murder be glorified—
With fife and drum and a rum-ti-tum!
For the boys of the Old Brigade?

SAGITTARIUS

The Crisis in Italy

A writer in *Il Bruzio*, a journal of Cosenza, described Calabria in 1864.

> Those amongst us most numerous and wretched are the landless labourers. Until he is eight years old the child of Calabria minds the asses and the sheep; at nine his father gives him a hoe and a spade, sets a basket on his shoulders and leads him to work, and in this way equips him to earn 42 *centesimi* a day. At fifteen his wages rise, and he gets 67 *centesimi*; at twenty he carries no longer the small spade, but the big spade, and by breaking his back from dawn to dusk he earns 85 *centesimi* and some food as well, or 125 without the food.
>
> Then at last he feels himself a true *bracciante*, and to shame or multiply his misery he takes a wife . . . The harvest over in August, the labourer acquires a little stock of grain which his father gives him, and he takes a wife. For our peasant girls dream flowers in April, loves in May, and marriages in August. And so they get married, and the labourer is content because only by getting married can he sleep in a bed in Calabria. Up to two years old the peasant sleeps in the bed wherein he was conceived; comes the second brother, and he sleeps at the foot of it; comes the third, and he issues entirely from the bed and goes to sleep on a bench; comes the fourth, and he moves from the bench and sleeps in the hearth. Then he grows up, and in winter spends the night on the straw with the asses, while in summer, if he has a lover, he goes to sleep on her porch or beneath her window . . .

Such was Calabria, and so it is 1950, except that the years between have made life harder and more difficult. Conditions in Calabria have grown steadily worse since 1864 for two reasons: since then the landowners have carried to completion their steady enclosure of the lands declared common when feudalism was abolished in 1806, and since then, secondly, the population has grown abundantly—unable any longer to go abroad in great tides of poverty-inspired emigration. And what is true of Calabria, the very toe of Italy, is true also of the whole foot, of Puglia and the Basilicata, of the Abruzzi and the Marche; and of Sicily and of Sardinia, too.

The figures for land ownership in these provinces are well known. About two and a half million properties measure just over one acre each, another 1,400,000 are just under four and a half acres each, while 5,600 have an average of 440 acres. These figures conceal the fact that a mere handful of landlords own territories which stretch often as far as the eye can see and that a great mass of peasants have no land at all.

This is the background of the land occupations by landless peasants which began again last autumn and continues to-day. About 100,000 peasants and their families have now taken nearly 250,000 acres from the giant estates, and are holding grimly to their gains. The occupations of land are the ultimate gesture of self defence by a starving people. Even the Government—which is a Government of the landlords—does not question their essential justice, however much it may squirm and wriggle for the sake of the *status quo*. The crisis in Italy, coming fast to a head, is a crisis of social structure.

It is only remarkable that this outmoded and wasteful structure should have lasted so long. The nineteenth century, to go no further back, was starred and stained by peasant upheavals in these southern provinces. For five or six decades of that century the thick forests of the south—of which barely a trace remains to-day—were ridden by famous brigands who, in the words of a good liberal historian, Antonio Lucarelli, "declared open war against legal injustice, drove against it a public and a private vendetta, scourged those who were responsible for a regime of blood and suffering." From the legendary brigand leaders of the Neapolitan Kingdom, Don Gaetano Vardarelli and Ciro Annicchiarico at their head, down the years to the no less romantic Sergeant Romano of Gioa del Colle in 1861, the peasant wars continued almost without abatement.

"I order and command you," wrote Vardarelli to the mayor of Atella in June 1817, "to call together all the landlords of the Commune, and to hand out food to all the poor. Otherwise I shall warm their backsides, and I say what I say." In good broad language of this kind the "commander of the *Fulminante* cavalry commando," Vardarelli, chased the landlords up and down, and was chased, in his turn, across the length and breadth of Puglia and back again by the perspiring Neapolitan levies. "Mr. Mayor," he writes in the same year to the mayor of Foggia, "you will instruct all your landlords in my name that they stop giving the leftovers from their kitchens to the beasts, and they give them to the poor. If they are deaf to this order I shall burn down everything they have . . ."

That the memory of the brigands is still warm in the minds of the people of the South is clear from the writings of those who have studied the question. But these memories have availed them nothing. With the unification of Italy there emerged an alliance, tacit but well conducted, between the new industrialists of the North and the old landlords of the South. Where the face of northern Italy began to change under the influence of industrialisation, all in the south stayed exactly as it was. There grew up with this distortion a resentment and contempt between North and South, between *nordici* and *sudici* (the last word, much used in the North, a play on "South" and "sweat"), which vitiated the whole notion of unity. From this there came, for example, the separatism which is still a live force in Sicily, exploited by the landlords as a defence against any structural reforms which might at last occur on the mainland, but also popular with the people as a gesture of disgust against a connection which has never seemed to bring them any good.

A story which typifies this state of things was told me lately in the long slow train that crawls along the northern shore of Sicily between Messina and Palermo. I was talking to a clerk, an *impiegato*, who was bitter against the North. "Up there," he said, "we Sicilians are regarded as a disgraceful lot." And he told me how the Fascist General Roatta (wanted as a war-criminal but smuggled out of his Roman gaol two years ago by friends in high places) had posted up a manifesto a few hours after the Allied landings in Sicily: *Sicilians, together with the Italians and our German comrades, defend your land!* "But what was I in the navy for? Was I in the Sicilian navy? Had I been fighting for Sicily all these years?" He said wryly that the Sicilians should make Sicily a kingdom and have the bandit Giuliano as their king. In respectable quarters little is heard of separatism in Sicily to-day, because the landlords—who were hot for separatism in the years immediately after 1943, when the overthrow of Fascism seemed likely to drag structural changes in its train—have at last understood that their tenure is no longer in danger. The last embers of the separatist fire went out when the Christian Democrats achieved their electoral victory in April 1948.

The chances of land reform after this war have pursued much the same erratic course as after 1918. Just as after 1918, there was a time when radical division of the land seemed unavoidable; when the peasants, impatient for reform, began invading the land and could not be removed by force; when the Government, frightened of popular demands, manoeuvred and promised, but finally, now as then, achieved a solid majority for the *status quo*. In 1922, four years after the war, Fascism put a stop to structural change in Italy; in 1948, just about as many years after the fall of Fascism, the Christian Democrats have repeated the process. No doubt there are differences between Fascism and Demochristianism. There are also similarities. Both stand for the continued supremacy of industrial capital in the North and the landed interest in the South; both set their faces against the fundamental changes of social structure without which the unification and modernisation of Italy must remain impossible; both intend that the violence, misery, and strife which arise from the rejection of long-overdue reforms of social structure—in industry as well as on the land—shall be dealt with by the police and not by the normal procedures of democracy.

No doubt there are many Demochristians who sincerely desire change. But these rank and file clericals are imprisoned by the mesh of vested interest—nowhere more closely knit than among the southern landowners—which they represent. Held fast by a Church which has declared excommunicate all those who agitate for genuine social change, they are confused and blinded by an unbridled anti-Communism which sees all genuine change as the work of anti-Christ.

This explains why De Gasperi's land reform, the Segni project which was lately given a fresh blast of publicity, is so poor a thing. Its camouflage of acres to be divided and lands to be given up should not obscure its essential effect, which is to give as little as possible as slowly as possible. Having promised its early passage, the Government now announces severe measures against all who invade other men's land, and it strengthens an already strong and overweening police force. Clashes between the police and the peasants, with peasants often shot dead, are multiplying, and are spreading northward to Emilia. It looks as if the Government wants to force a showdown. What is far less certain is whether the Demochristians can carry through this policy of armed stagnation. The Communists and Socialists who lead the peasants are not only powerful in numbers and in their passionate sense of injustice; they are also, and in contrast to the years which led to Mussolini's dictatorship, extremely well led. BASIL DAVIDSON

Seretse: The Real Issue

How was it possible for the Government to act in so unjust and so inexpedient a fashion in the handling of Seretse Khama? This lapse from grace cannot be attributed to plain wickedness, malice or prejudice. There is some deep dilemma in the background leading to this colossal maladroitness.

What is the nature of this dilemma? Two conflicting policies are clashing in Africa. One is the progressive policy of the British Colonial Office, which says that all men should enjoy equal rights, and that Britain's duty is to transfer the power of self-government to the African peoples the moment that this is possible. In West Africa, this conception is now reaching its culmination; it is only a matter of years until the British Colonies there are independent. On the other hand, there is the South African policy of White supremacy, which has intensified its *Herrenvolk* nature since Dr. Malan took office, and is as much opposed to British ideas as Hitler's racial doctrines were in the 1930's.

Where the clash reaches its most dangerous explosive point is on the issue of the three High Commission Territories—of which Seretse's country, Bechuanaland, is one. These territories are, it is true, mainly inhabited by Black tribes, and so are free of the inner tensions which characterise, say, Kenya or N. Rhodesia; but two of them lie right within the Union's borders and one on its margin. Originally, the three Protectorates were to have been incorporated into the Union at a suitable date, but the suitable date has constantly been postponed because of the obvious distaste of the people at the idea of being handed over to S. Africa. Britain has reiterated not once, but a dozen times, that she will not agree to a transfer unless the people are consulted.

Any step away from this stand would be accounted a major betrayal of the whole of Black Africa. The British Government is desperately aware of this, and the one thing it wanted was peace and good government in Bechuanaland, Basutoland and Swaziland, so that the issue should not be forced. Dr. Malan has been threatening to demand this transfer ever since he came into office, and Britain has had to put herself certain uncomfortable questions. If Malan persists in spite of a polite "No"—what next? South Africa has troops on the spot, we have not. Are we prepared to send an expeditionary force against South Africa? Are we prepared for South Africa, in a rage of frustration, to leave the Commonwealth and deny us the strategic advantages she alone can offer?

With these awkward queries in mind, Britain has before now compromised herself. We failed to take a stand against South Africa on the S.W. Africa question; we were almost alone in appearing to condone the annexation of S.W. Africa by the Union (an action condemned three times by the General Assembly of the United Nations); and we disgraced ourselves further when we voted last year against the Rev. Michael Scott's testifying before the United Nations as a representative of the Herero tribes. True, we had excellent legal arguments on our side in each instance, but morally we *appeared* hopelessly in the wrong. Now comes the Seretse case; once again we have kowtowed to South African sentiment, and once again we earn the contumely of the world.

It is understandable that the threat of disturbances in Bechuanaland following on

Seretse's marriage, coupled with the opportunity this marriage affords Malan to press this claims with new vigour, should have led Britain to decide against recognising Seretse. Understandable, yes; but was it proper? Was it even useful? What have we done other than blacken our reputation and postpone the day of reckoning? Throughout Southern Africa racial tension is increasing—there are many signs of it. One has only to glance at the East African papers to know that the settlers are calling for "unity" with the White communities farther South and collaboration on a "common colour platform." Then turn to the determined attempts of the European communities to link together the two Rhodesias and Nyasaland in a Federation or a Dominion where the White man will rule supreme and the Colonial Office be ousted. Last year an impressive propaganda was put abroad on behalf of such a Federation, and it was only the determination of the Colonial Office, aware of African opposition, which killed the idea—if, indeed, the idea is dead.

Look, again, at the speeches emanating from European leaders in Northern Rhodesia, who are animated by the one aim of gaining power for themselves at the expense of the Africans, through shaking off the shackles of the wicked Colonial Office! And while all this is going on, the Africans—with more education and organisation than they have ever previously enjoyed, not to mention some Communist assistance—are excited, restless, resentful. West Africans talk of sending their own expeditionary force against the White man in the South, as soon as they have achieved independence. Bravado, perhaps—but queerer things have happened in history.

What is Britain to do? No one wants a war in Africa which, however it begins, will end as a race war. That would be catastrophic; the Commonwealth, whose very basis is now inter-racial, would go down in ruins. But this outcome cannot be avoided by appeasement, whether of South Africa, or of European groups in the Colonies. We must now, at once, take an absolutely firm and unshakable stand. As regards the Union, we must be prepared for the worst—we must call the bluff and let her leave the Commonwealth if she will. Isolation will perhaps create more problems for her than for us—particularly as she will have the whole of world opinion against her, whereas we shall be in an impregnable moral position, rallying behind us all the coloured races as well.

As regards the settler communities South of the Equator, we can no longer compromise with their demands. They are useful elements, economically, and have a fair claim to consideration, but they can contribute and prosper as plantation-owners, traders, manufacturers, without demanding land for permanent settlement or insisting on a privileged political position. West Africa has advanced well with European financial, technical and administrative help, but *without* European settlement or European political entrenchment; and there is no reason why the same should not be so in East Africa. We have been far too weak in admitting settlers' claims; in allowing a flood of further European immigrants (N. Rhodesia is absorbing thousands of Afrikaners each year, while the Afrikaners do their best to keep British immigrants out of the Union); in leaving the land question unsettled; in nibbling away ineffectively at European privilege, while leaving its roots untouched.

In a word, a most dangerous situation is developing in Africa: its Black and White inhabitants are racing towards a head-on collision. Britain is the only third party which can stay this catastrophe, yet we continually stray from the course we know is right. When will we cease to equivocate? Or is another Munich to be staged in the heart of Africa?

RITA HINDEN

So They Say . . .

A CERTAIN liberality in its approach to the sacred realms of mathematics is one of the distinguishing characteristics of the popular daily newspaper of to-day. Consider, for example, this headline from the *Daily Mail*, March 25:

FATHER PAYS £34 9S A YEAR TO PUT FAMILY OF FOUR ON THE PANEL

No father could fail to stop and read what follows:—

> Medical and other services under the National Health scheme will now cost a married man with two children an average of £34 8s. 10d. a year. This is the figure which emerges from the estimates issued yesterday by Mr. Aneurin Bevan, Minister of Health. For the financial year beginning next Saturday Mr. Bevan is asking the taxpayers for £392,936,000. For the latest official population of 48,227,000 this works out at approximately £8 3s. for every man, woman and child in Great Britain. A married man with a wife and two children will be responsible for four times this amount [plus] another £1 16s. 10d. a year [out of his National Insurance contributions].

Now, the *Daily Mail's* addition and division are unchallengeable, and this is certainly a most ingenious way of convincing the reader that the service "has to be paid for." It takes no account, however, of the fact that the Revenue includes several sources of income which rarely concern the average tax-payer: surtax, excess profits tax, and death duties, for instance. In fact, the majority of tax-payers (conceding that they all smoke and drink) contribute only about 69 per cent of the national revenue (income tax 39 per cent, beer and tobacco tax 23 per cent, purchase tax 7 per cent). This would make "father's" payment for health services (*Daily Mail* calculation) around £23, or almost exactly equal to the estimated benefit (Marshall Plan calculation) which a family receives under the scheme.

The *Star* last week, in its series "Inside Moscow," by Sir Maurice Peterson, provided another example of the liberal approach. In the article "The Russian Wife Goes Shopping" (March 20), the eye is caught by two cross-heads: "BUTTER—24s. a lb." and "EGG—1s. 9d." The passage reads:

> A pound of jam will cost 10s. or more . . . good butter is 24s. a pound, apples 5s. to 10s. . . meat and pork products . . . cost over 12s. a pound for the cheaper cuts of meat up to 30s. for a pound of cooked ham . . . a moderately fresh egg costs two roubles—about 1s. 9d. . .

Towards the end of the same article, however, appears this casual afterthought:

> It may be as well to explain that the high prices quoted above in English currency are arrived at on the basis of the official Soviet exchange rate which . . . gives a rate of rather over 14 roubles to the pound . . . In actual fact the purchasing power of the rouble . . . is about 70 or 80 to the £ . . .

Now work out that 2-rouble egg again . . .

For Innocents Abroad—

Daily Mail, March 22:

> A large London store said that it had withdrawn knuckledusters and coshes from the display cases of the sports department. Sale of both will be banned except to customers going abroad or in the Armed Forces.

AUTOLYCUS

Cab for Hire

"HIGHER fares," said my favourite cabby, "would mean fewer hirings than ever, no tips, and I suppose longer hours—for the owner-drivers anyway." If the fares go up, it will be because Londoners don't use their 6,300 cabs enough. And it will antagonise operators and drivers in a way that has not been known since the last increase in 1933. If they don't go up, the operators (apart from the 2,500 owner-drivers, whose position is always precarious) will probably resort to the dangerous policy of saving on maintenance costs.

"Now, take the question of longer hours," said my friend. "My boss runs 200 cabs on a two-shift service. I take mine out about 9.30 of a morning. It's got to be back at 5 p.m., because another driver's waiting to take it out on the night shift. Lots of us would like to drive till 7 or 8 o'clock—you can take as much money between 5 and 7 as you can all day, especially in what we call the Magic Circle—all around Piccadilly. But a man who wants the evening money has to be prepared to do the full evening shift—say 11 o'clock or midnight. Fair enough, you say? Right: so what's the use of talking about longer hours for us?"

He took me to his depot, where he paid in 75 per cent. of his day's takings—as recorded by his taximeter. The remainder, plus tips, plus certain luggage charges, plus sixpences for "each additional person beyond two" carried on any journey (but minus insurance), he kept for himself. He pays in an average of twenty-five bob a day, and keeps about thirty-five. "You can make more," he said; "it depends on how hard you work and how many standeasies you allow yourself; and how many days off you want—it's all up to the driver himself. This is one of the few jobs where the employee pays the boss. But most of our chaps think there'll be less money to handle anyway if the fares go up. Come and meet some of them in the canteen." He unlocked a metal cupboard in a long row, changed his driving coat and peaked cap for a raincoat and trilby, and took me down to a basement mess-room.

I suppose we don't have time to think of our cab-drivers as people. To meet them through the kind of introduction that side-steps reserve and suspicion is to discover that they are not, after all, muffled and reluctant slot-machines. They are of astonishingly varied types, and if they have a common denominator it's a detached and rather puzzled view of human behaviour; but they are mostly family men with gardens, mortgages, dyspeptic tendencies, and a sense of humour. My own driver paints, likes Prokofiev, and reads Penguin biographies. Sometimes a young driver so arranges his hours as to take a University course or read for the Bar. A higher proportion of the men "follow the dogs" and buy two or three early evening papers for the runners and prices.

In this mess-room, you could close your eyes and fancy yourself in a working-men's club, a forces' canteen—or a debating society. Some of the men have been driving cabs for over forty years; "growlers" and Hansoms, early chug-chugging Unics and Beardmores, and now swift, sleek, miraculous Oxfords and Austins. They are still ready to talk about "The Trade" before all else; about the slowly (but too slowly) growing awareness of the public that a short cab journey for a man, wife, and three or four children costs little more than the bus fare; about their vastly improved relationship with the Metropolitan Police at the Public Carriage Office, where they and their cabs are still licensed (recent years have ushered in at the "P.C.O." a regime of tolerant shrewdness and industrial wisdom); about the "sea-lawyers" among them who, having got themselves involved in pettifogging disputes with passengers, sorely try the Trade Union's legal department in the pursuit of needless litigation; about the hazards of owner-drivership, which most of them have tried; about the stark economic fact that the man who wants to run cabs as a multiple owner needs the capital to maintain at least a hundred; about the complex laws they must know in addition to those that beset the ordinary motorist; about the relationship of the 25 per cent. commission to the tips.

I asked my friend what was considered a fair tip. "Fair? Well, I should say you can hardly give less than sixpence, even if the fare itself is no more than ninepence. I use cabs a good bit myself, and I reckon to give a sixpenny tip on all fares up to half a crown, and if the fare's three bob I make it four. I find most people do pretty much the same to me. A few pay only the legal fare—I had four to-day, out of 22 hirings, but I've been weeks without one."

Resolute people, I said. "No, not necessarily. And I never go off the deep end at them, because I've got to know that with some of them it's a sort of shyness. Well, there's mean ones too, of course. But these drivers who make a fuss about a strictly legal fare, they're not doing the Trade any good. A man who knows how to tip a driver doesn't like to hear that his wife's been abused for not doing it, and he may stop doing it himself or stop using cabs altogether. We want people to use cabs more."

The canteen had emptied, the manageress was turning out lights to await the evening-shift drivers. "What about your cab?" I said to my friend. "Haven't you got to wash it down or refuel it or something?"

"No driver in this firm has to do that. The cab's taken off his hands the moment he comes in. All he has to do is drive it. There's a maintenance staff here that does everything a motor vehicle ever needs." And, I discovered in a talk with the managing director, it costs £25,000 a year for the 200 cabs. He knows his business very thoroughly, has worked at every job in it, and represents a family that has owned and driven cabs for more than a century. He also knows and understands his 500 men, and they know and respect him.

My driver thinks (though he has not many supporters) that the Trade should be "co-ordinated," that its present state is chaotic. It should be impossible, he says, to find at the same time queues of intending passengers at Paddington and Charing Cross and queues of empty cabs elsewhere. He also thinks (and so do I) that his managing director is the man who could do the job. But the Ministry of Transport has looked at the cab Trade more than once, and looked away again. It is being looked at now by a "working party" under Home Office sponsorship, which (says my driver) may rationalise but will not "nationalise" it. "And that'll do," he said. "That's all it needs. Well, it's high time I was home." "Doing what?" I asked. "Depends on two things," he said. "What homework the children have got, and what's on the wireless."

C. H. ROLPH

Sanctuary

GOING out to lift some potatoes I put up a hare which had been lying among the withering haulms. He looked as big as a fox as he went up the bank and across the cherry orchard. The next time I went that way I took a gun: not that I have anything against hares, but the meat ration being what it is, humane considerations fail. My gun did not bring a *civet de lièvre* appreciably nearer, because with very little patience, and more than five diopteres of hypermetropia, I can probably claim to be the worst shot in Britain, at a moving target.

The hare was there again, but when he saw me, he went away between two potato ridges, not at his customary thirty miles an hour but in a leisurely and deliberate manner, like a cat ordered out of a favourite armchair. Now, I am well aware that my shooting would be more successful if I could keep my head, and I always determine that, next time, I will be calm and deliberate; but at the moment of crisis, I become excited. A cockney youth, and even a war, are no training for field-sports. On this occasion I raised the gun and fired, knocking a perfectly good Cox's Orange off a young tree about six feet above the running hare. I had the second barrel, but was the hare now out of range? He may have been, and he may have known it, for on the top of the bank he stopped, sat up, looked round, all as if to say . . . "Try now. I'll keep still." It was a gibe, and with the pot rather than sportsmanship in mind, I fired again. The hare moved off under the hazel hedge, and loped across the cherry orchard, and I could almost see him shrug as he went.

This mortifying failure put me on my mettle, and I took to carrying the gun whenever I went out to work in the paddock, or even to pick some fruit, dig some vegetables or feed the poultry. I began to have eyes for other things than the progress of the Comice pears or the state of the winter greens; and movements which, formerly, I had barely noticed, or had attributed to small birds or to the wind, became newly significant. The long grass was alive with rabbits and the tall trees with wood pigeons. Soon, like the famous Minute Men, I did no digging or hoeing without my gun at my side, and the hours of my outdoor work, once peaceful, became noisy with outbursts of gunfire at half-hourly intervals. It was not remarkable that I never hit anything, but that the hunted birds and animals seemed to realise their safety was strikingly evident. They withdrew, certainly, from my immediate neighbourhood, doubtless irritated by the noise; but not beyond our boundaries, which they might easily have done.

We have a small vineyard for the making of wine (this is not the place to anticipate the surprise of some readers by explanation), and one morning I found a large covey of partridges running between the row of vines. And thereafter they returned frequently, for their usual haunts had been disturbed by the autumn work in the fields. In one, muck was being spread, in another potatoes lifted. There was a meadow of pasture, but the birds did not seem to care for it.

The covey was not in the least discomposed by my new habit of going armed about my work. From time to time I opened fire on the partridges as they ran between the vines or skimmed the furrows between the young fruit-trees, uttering their mournful cry. They were not discouraged, hardly seeming to recognise the occasional outbreak of noise as hostile in intention. Around us, over the stubble fields and in the coppices, their congeners were being efficiently slaughtered by more accurate guns than mine. With us they must have realised that they were safe. In due course, growing adventurous, they invaded the flower garden before the cottage, and the plantation of soft fruit behind it.

Not that they grew tame: they were as swift and half-seen as ever, one saw them in full movement but never the beginning of a motion. Against brown earth they were invisible when they desired to be so. They are intelligent birds. We had evidence of that, last spring, when walking over the Downs: our attention had been distracted by the awkward, seemingly wounded flight of a partridge, which went round in a wide circle, one wing half-dropped, uttering pitiful cries. It was only after we had watched the bird for a full minute, wondering how we could come to its aid, that one of us recalled the cunning of these creatures. We looked, then, about us and saw, almost under our feet, and concealed by a small bush of gorse, a brood of eleven earth-coloured chicks as still as so many stones. We went away leaving the dam, no doubt, satisfied with her ruse.

In the same spring a partridge had laid her eggs under the hedge in the shrubbery, and we did not discover them until a sad mess of feathers, blood-stained on the grass, led us to the clutch. The sitting dam had been killed on her eggs, perhaps by our cat, and the eggs were cold. We put them under a broody hen, but perhaps they had been too long cool, for none hatched.

The cat, probable villain of this tragedy, had observed my own futile hunting with enigmatic interest. He must have realised what I was trying to do, and no doubt felt obliged to demonstrate a more effective method. At all events, at about the time of my taking to the gun, and of our adoption by the covey of partridges, he brought a fat, just-killed partridge into the kitchen and there abandoned it. We hung the bird from a beam, with suitable thanks, but in the night he, the cat, must have had bad hunting, or perhaps repented of so extravagant a gesture of generosity. At all events, by persistent jumping he brought the bird down from its string and in the morning nothing remained but the flight feathers and a few grains from the crop.

This was the more serious in that we had, as it were, not merely anticipated a possible partridge, but actually had one in the house, so that it had taken its place in the planning of the week's meals. Nor could the cat be counted on for a second bird, his vast meal putting him to sleep all that day. Throughout the afternoon, neglecting my work, I stalked the covey, getting in a shot on three occasions, until at last, doubtless annoyed by the continual disturbance of their peace, or perhaps not liking to be forced to take more exercise than they cared for, the birds removed themselves to the cherry-orchard, where, until dusk was well advanced and mist rising from the uncut grass, they could be heard whistling.

On the following morning early, from the bathroom window, I saw the covey again, running between rosemary and fading tansy, lad's love and borage, bergamot and clumps of parsley, sage and thyme, withered hyssop and yellowed balm, in the herb garden. I went swiftly downstairs for the gun, returned to the bathroom and gently opened the window. The slight sound disturbed them, they hesitated, giving me time to raise the gun, and then, as one bird, they rose. I fired as they skimmed the low hedge of rue, and two . . . two with one shot ! . . . fell among the blue-green leaves.

The uproar created by a twelve-bore cartridge in a room ten feet square, is surprising. I was still standing, too stunned by that thunderclap to rejoice in my luck, when A, in a hastily-donned dressing-gown, her face very white, appeared. No doubt her comments would have been sharper and more protracted had she not followed the direction of my gaze and seen, speckled brown among her rue, the two sad but appetising corpses.

That shot solved the problem of the larder but not that of our unwitting entertainment of so much game. Birds and animals alike, clearly aware of the true nature of the shot, judged it the merest *tour de force*, of which no repetition need be feared. Our small holding remained, in spite of it, a sanctuary. People do not abandon railway travel because of a single accident to a train.

We begin to grow anxious about our fruit-trees and the winter greens. The birds will do no harm and the hare has departed. But the rabbits remain, white skuts seen for an instant among the grass or weeds, or playful groups, playing at leap-frog, only seen when one happens to have no gun in one's hands. If we have snow and frost, they will certainly eat up our vegetables and, what is more serious, bark the young apple trees and perhaps the vines. I could, of course, invite a neighbour, one of the finest shots in Kent, to massacre these not-so-innocents ; or there is another whose ferrets are said to have a record most discouraging to rabbits.

It is, no doubt, what we shall have to do, but it will, we feel, be a shocking breach of trust, a cynical abuse of confidence. And there is, after all, always wire netting.

Edward Hyams.

The Play of Ideas

To my mind, the first essential for the reader to grasp in any artistic controversy misguidedly carried out by the artists themselves instead of by beings rendered superior by their creative sterility and consequent catholic approach, is that there is not a writer, painter, or musician whose views are not moulded by his own capabilities. If Shaw had never possessed any ideas to call his own, he would have remained a dramatic critic, and a bad one at that. If Bridie had not been born with an enviable over-abundance of creative energy, he would not have the nerve to class himself as a minor dramatist. If Rattigan had suddenly succumbed to violent feelings about the drainage at Wigan or in the Albany, he would not be so intolerant towards the drainage-dramatists. If I could take the views of any playwrights seriously, I would not now be expressing the sentiments I am.

The thoughts of a creative artist about his medium are, inevitably, an amalgam of pride and prejudice. They are usually passionate, interesting and irresponsible. The thoughts of a critic are usually less passionate, less interesting, and even more irresponsible. The report of a local commander on a local engagement is certainly more lively than that of a Public Relations Officer at Headquarters. I use the word "lively" deliberately, because proximity is just as conducive to distortion as is distance, and what all this boils down to is that in battle, as in the theatre, as in life, there is no such thing as a responsible viewpoint.

Thus, when Rattigan says that Shaw has exerted no influence, it is characteristic that Bridie should leap with perhaps too great an alacrity to Shaw's defence, because what Rattigan has overlooked is that if Shaw has influenced anyone, it is Bridie. Bridie, ever-generous, overpraises. Rattigan, ever-generous, underblames. (These are only personal reflections. I would be outrageous in my conceit, however, if I claimed to be even less responsible than these two celebrated colleagues.)

Shaw was right to attack Shakespeare. Rattigan was right to attack Shaw. Bridie was right to attack Rattigan. I am right to attack the lot of them. The next man will be right to attack me, and may the next man win (as if he could !).

On the face of it, it seems difficult to see where any of us are wrong, and of course, from our own points of view, none of us are, or could possibly be wrong.

My personal quarrel with Rattigan is that I do not recognise a sharp dividing line between the plays of human relations and the plays of ideas. The best plays are, I believe, a felicitous blend of the two. Ideas are not confined to the dreary social message, and I would go so far as to say that there is no better purveyor of ideas than the play with a deep and subtle human interest.

My personal quarrel with Bridie is that, while I recognise the enormous influence of Shaw in ancillary theatrical activities, I cannot recognise that influence as being enormous on the actual boards. He is a great independent tributary to the main stream, as was Ben Jonson, as was Aristophanes. I see no great novelty, for instance, in the deglorification of famous historical characters, as I have a working knowledge of Offenbach. All I see is a genius of phenomenal character, energy and intelligence (how cruel to take the words from his mouth) who is entirely justified in his affectionate hatred, in his patronising love of Shakespeare. The span of the centuries has for once defeated Shaw, who would dearly have liked to outwit and baffle the instinctive Shakespeare in conversation. This he may deny, but I will not believe him. Shakespeare's main fault in the eyes of Shaw is to be unattainable. His eyes will never be opened now to the superior, the emotionally cramping intellect of Shaw—and Bacon.

On the whole, I must admit that I am more on the side of Rattigan in this controversy than on the side of Bridie. The genius of Shakespeare was to ask questions which it would be presumptuous to try to answer. The genius of Shaw is to have the presumption to answer them.

The tragedy of Shakespeare is the tragedy of doubt. The comedy of Shaw is the comedy of conviction. Personally I find doubt more convincing. I therefore agree with Rattigan that our age suffers from an excess of didacticism, and I resent it when I am accused of writing plays which are "unresolved." Their lack of resolution is their whole point, because I lack the contemporary faith which proclaims that a spade is a spade, a vitamin, a vitamin, and a windmill, a windmill. I am Quixotic enough to believe that things are rarely what they seem, and I am content to leave rules and regulations to those more intellectually coherent than I, in the confident knowledge that they will contradict each other at every turn. I trust implicitly in the limited sincerity of them all, however, and am as interested as they to see what such excellent individual talents as Terry Rattigan, James Bridie and Christopher Fry will be hatching presently in the necessary isolation of their studies. What they write is more important than what they think, because we can usually guess what they think from what they write, while some of them can write very well without seeming to think at all. Amen.

Peter Ustinov

The Arts and Entertainment

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Space and circumstances have delayed the appearance of this account of *Measure for Measure* which has opened the new Stratford Season. But the play will be seen throughout the festival and, even though late, I should not like to miss celebrating Mr. John Gielgud's return to Shakespeare. Whatever may be said by those who deplore "stars," the presence in a caste of a Shakespearian actor of such outstanding authority and experience as Mr. Gielgud gives to the whole a stiffening and a backbone for which no amount of good intentions or high ideals can substitute. A large heterogeneous company of this kind is bound to have weaknesses. They matter less if somewhere at the centre there is absolute strength. And this is what one gets from Mr. Gielgud—perfection of speaking and absolute assurance.

It was wise of him, too, to reject the more obvious role of the Duke and take the unsympathetic Angelo instead. The problem for a romantic actor, as his youth begins to evaporate behind him has always been difficult. Mr. Gielgud has continuously been haunted by his own Hamlet: he has never before, it seems to me, entirely shed the last vestiges of that part, though it has not been for want of trying. Now with his Angelo he makes a break—it may be a complete break—with his past. In this characterisation of a thin, spinsterish walking Legality there are no traces of the romantic gestures, no echoes of the youthful tones. His Angelo, as meticulous for the letter of the regulations as a bloodless civil servant, yet harbouring in the inner recesses a hidden ambivalent itch, cuts a clean swathe of sense through the beginning of the play such as is not often given to it.

It is not a very easy play to make sense of for a modern audience who demand a greater degree of credibility in motive and machinery than the Elizabethans evidently did. But it is the great merit of Mr. Peter Brook's production that he has used all his imagination and art to try to do that. (Mr. Brook has only his past to blame, if we remark with surprised pleasure on this, which should, of course, be the understood objective of every producer all the time). It is particularly important in *Measure for Measure* to create imaginatively for us the appropriate background. The climate of the play is lust: not snigger lust, nor knicker-and-garter lust, nor even we're-no-longer-squeamish-about-this-sort-of-thing lust: but a lust accepted as all-pervading in an age much rougher, rawer, cruder, more violent, natural and more loose than in our late day we can easily imagine. Yet our age is the one which for the first time since the Restoration is able to come near to accepting this. Most of us no longer have to excuse the bawdry as "indecency," nor hold it away from our noses by describing it as "tedious." So Mr. Brook does right to bring all this forward to make us not merely accept it but enjoy it, and to encourage Mr. George Rose's brilliant impertinent Pompey and the other brothel characters to be as broad as they liked.

Mr. Brook has been as successful in this sense with the clothes and settings as he has with the crowd-scenes. Assisted by Mr. Michael Northern and Mr. Regan Smith, he has taken hints from the Flemish, and Breughel in particular, to touch in the barbarous edges. The prison scenes, especially, get back beyond our usual Dickensian or eighteenth-century stage prisons to the wheels, the fires, the whips and the racks of a still cruder epoch. Then, just as we had begun to wonder whether the permanent set wasn't a mistake after all, at least at Stratford, he and his associates have designed one that wins us back. It looks effective in all its various manifestations, it brings the action all forward to the front of the stage, and it enables the play to move at a fine pace.

If, after all this, the play still seems to drop apart three-quarters' way through, that is a phenomenon which has never ceased to agitate the commentators. This production underlines rightly the element of the Tests. The Duke tests Angelo with power, Angelo tests Isabella with the choice of her brother's life or her virtue, and she tests her brother with her refusal. Here Mr. Brook keeps the tension going longer than usual by holding up his sleeve, so to speak, a re-testing by the Duke when he held up Angelo's pardon until Isabella pleads for it. The long, long pause here before she drops to her knees is most telling. What I never quite see, though, is why it is necessary to present Isabella as so morally admirable in refusing to save her brother at her own expense; and I wonder how much of Shakespeare we misunderstand by clinging to the notion that because he was a "Great Poet" he must have laboured under the same moral prejudices as people in subsequent epochs. Suppose, for instance, we take the opposite view. Instead of making Isabella an exemplar of purity and virgin goodness, play her as a prig (as indeed she inevitably seems however we play her). Don't even try to get sympathy for her refusal, but only for her predicament: give her a touch of the Roedean prefect with a slight attack of late adolescent religiosity. Then instead of being so odiously in the right she falls into line with the others as failing in her test; and this makes slightly less unacceptable her so readily agreeing to the Duke's strategem over Mariana; and this would give an even stronger dramatic effect to Mr. Brook's pause when the Duke re-tests her and she admits her narrowness.

However, this would need quite different acting from Miss Barbara Jefford's. This young actress, though a little too modern in her manner for the part, has a very good foundation. Freshness, a good presence, coolness and an excellent delivery. The standard of verse speaking in general is still altogether too low. The Claudio, for instance, who acted with a great deal of fire, cut off all the final consonants of his famous speech so that it ran:

> Ay: bu' to die. To go we know no' where.
> To lie in col' obstruction and to ro'

Somehow Stratford must build up again a tradition of speaking that seems to have been lost in the reign of domestic drama. Mr. Gielgud's example among them will doubtless be a great help.

T. C. Worsley

THE PRIVATE COLLECTOR

This is the title given by the Contemporary Art Society to their present exhibition at the Tate Gallery, which consists of 339 works by seventy-eight painters and sixteen sculptors. The title is apt, because, in the words of the Society's Treasurer, Sir Colin Anderson, the exhibits "do not pretend to be a homogeneous whole, or a collection of masterpieces. They are pictures and sculpture which members of a certain group of people happen to have liked and bought for themselves." In fact they are works selected from the collections of eighty-eight members of the C.A.S.

All this disarms the critic who is searching for phrases to describe the character, quality and scope of this large exhibition. We are invited to focus on the ingredients and not on the shape of the whole, and no invitation is more welcome. But before I drop the subject let me say first that this is an exhibition of *British* painting and sculpture (a point not made in the catalogue); and, secondly, it succeeds in "covering" most artists of importance since 1900, and quite a number of insignificant ones. This is not the occasion for offering extensive comments upon them, but John, Steer, Sickert, Matthew Smith and Paul Nash are all well shown. Again, there are interesting early Stanley Spencer's; a jewel-like Ginner (number 57); an atmospheric London square by Gore; some exceptionally lovely Christopher Wood's, including a very quiet yet potentially explosive still life with a jug and some purple crocuses.

Only when it comes to the younger contemporary painters are there gaps or, where such painters are included, unrepresentative works. The younger sculptors come off rather better. Indeed, Reginald Butler's tiny wrought-iron *Mother and Child* is one of the most exciting things in the whole exhibition. In the vocabulary of the ordinarily alert yet inexpert visitor this would certainly be called an abstract work, though the sculptor himself disclaims the title. A series of near-vertical bars and prongs are the "body" (if one must say *which* part of the complex of verticals and horizontals are *what*): the mother's head is an eye-shaped plaque, reminiscent of a primitive shield—a shape Butler takes from Picasso. The infant's head and face are indicated by a sudden double loop in an otherwise straight horizontal bar. Where three bars meet, horizontals connect with verticals sharply at right angles; where one vertical bar turns into a horizontal (or the other way round) the corner is almost always rounded. Vertical and horizontal bars predominate: a slightly diagonal bar is a rare and telling exception.

I describe the structural habits of this important sculptor because they show that linear approach to form which looks like becoming a characteristic preoccupation of both painters and sculptors, here and in France, among the younger generation. Kermadec or Estève in French painting pursue linear rhythms that are very similar to those of Butler and Adams in British sculpture. The point is—a single line, wandering across a canvas or standing in slim iron, wood or brass can create volume in space. I unhesitatingly withdraw my first verdict on Reginald Butler, expressed here last year, to the effect that his iron configurations were more communicative of personality than of form. If one of these possesses a distinct presence, or personality, this has attached itself to what is essentially a structure in space—and of which space itself is one of the components.

That Gaudier-Brzeska was a sculptor and *not* a painter is well demonstrated here: his tiny plaster *Torso* is superbly tense and simplified: his pastel *Still life with terra cotta head* is a piece of meaningless stylisation, horrible in colour and commonplace in design. Other things of exceptional quality among the sculpture are Moore's seven pieces, in particular, his gleaming yellow *Reclining Figure*, in bronze, (332); Barbara Hepworth's *Reclining Figure* in alabaster; Paolozzi's *Tile* and the two small pieces by Eric Gill. Once one gets beyond the slightly naïve archaicism, the borrowed Gothic flavour, Gill becomes a vital contemporary, possessed of the rarest formal gifts: and superb, of course, as a craftsman. As for Paolozzi, he is certainly original: his insect-infested surfaces, his spilt-box-of-matches effects share the non-plastic, un-three-dimensional, ideographic qualities which Klee and Kandinsky projected into Western art with such suddenness and effect. It is thus in almost perfect opposition to the plastic Moore or Hepworth. Butler has something from both worlds, though: Robert Adams too; but with him the plastic predominates.

Returning to paintings Hitchens's tall oblong *Iping Church*, (88), a view past window strut and balcony rail, has a linear network, evocative of sunlit space, that is related to the system I have discussed: this picture would be respected by

Estève, in spite, so to speak, of its easy charm. Duncan Grant's early *Acrobats*, (70), shows his talent for a slight, untroubled decoration, not destroyed as yet by the conscientiously superimposed "plastic" values of later on. Wyndham Lewis's *The Convalescent*, (140), one of his finest works, is as tight and hard as a perfect piece of engineering and—a less usual success with him—productive of light and even air. Colquhoun's early Lewis-inspired *Portrait in Albion*, (28), shows where he was before Adler turned up. The large Sutherland *Descent from the Cross*, (279), is a fascinating effort even if it is a failure. In every respect, we are tempted to say, Sutherland falls between two stools. The colour is neither atmospheric nor flat: the forms are sometimes plastic, sometimes ideographic. Formal unity obtains only in his smallest works—and then it is the ideographic element that wins. Pasmore's last essays in a non-abstract mode, *The Evening Star*, (193), or *Hammersmith, Moonlight*, (195), seem remarkably satisfactory, though his abstracts are even better. Finally, Ben Nicholson's three small paintings all show a point in his art at which the tension between depth and the surface is perfect.

Postscript: a printer's error last week altered the title of the Institute of Contemporary Arts exhibition. This should simply have read "London Paris." PATRICK HERON

RADIO NOTES

The Shadow of Death, which was performed last week in the Home Service's "Contemporary European Theatre" series, is, I believe, the only play of the young Swedish dramatist Stig Dagerman yet translated into English, and it is commendably enterprising of the B.B.C. to have given us the chance of hearing it. One's ignorance of the Swedish theatre is such that it was perhaps inevitable that one should listen to it with Strindberg in mind; yet this story of the innocent man who, sentenced to death and reprieved while on the scaffold, goes back into the world and commits the crime for which he was first charged in order to obtain the death he has been cheated out of suggested Sartre as much as Strindberg. Like *Huis Clos*, it certainly made superb radio, was brilliantly produced by Mr. Val Gielgud, and on the whole very well acted indeed; Mr. Anthony Hawtrey, as the condemned man, was especially good. Just how valuable it is as a play is another matter. I don't think its immediate effectiveness can be denied; judged simply as a horror play, it must get high marks; and even through the translation one felt the passion that had informed the writing. Yet it was impossible quite to escape the feeling that at bottom the dramatist's treatment of his theme was purely sensational and that, partly even as a result of his skill in invention, the resolution of the problem was altogether too neat and pat. Which seems to suggest that even in the field of symbolic drama and near-expressionism the "well-made play" is still with us, and though well made in a way different from that of the nineteenth century still unsatisfying. For all that, it made an exciting evening.

As though one challenging play in a week were not enough, there was also Mr. Maurice Carpenter's ambitious poetic play, *The Story of Orpheus*, on the Third. As a retelling of the Orpheus myth it was ingenious, and the verse, though sometimes over-decorative and sometimes too derivative of other poets, was pleasantly vivid. Yet it never quite succeeded in engaging one's full attention, mainly, I believe, because of Mr. Carpenter's very ingeniousness. For this was a retelling of the myth in contemporary terms, and one was left at the end thinking that the attempt had defeated its own ends. Is anything gained by turning the Thracian women into housewives who lament their having to stand in the Saturday-morning fish queue? It merely seems to me to make their tearing Orpheus to pieces the less probable. Is anything gained by having Eurydice killed by putting her head in the kitchen gas oven

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instead of by a snake bite? If the myth is to be so treated then it cries out for the irreverent and sophisticated wit of a Giraudoux. Mr. Carpenter's intention, however, was, I think, to make us feel the living quality of the myth. But surely the power of the primordial myths to move us and to speak for us resides in the very fact that they are primordial; and to jazz them up with topicalities is not to bring out their contemporary significance so much as to rob them of their mystery and therefore of their effectiveness.

Young Shoreditch promised to be a programme as delightful as it was unusual. It seems that the children of a Shoreditch school are encouraged to keep diaries of their activities. A selection from them was read, admirably unaffectedly, by the children themselves. It had the interest of the pre-war Mass-Observation reports, indeed an additional interest since the diary entries were so much less self-conscious than adults normally achieve. One learned much that was fascinating; that Cowboys and Indians and Cops and Robbers are still the favourite games of small boys even among the bombed buildings of the East End; that a little girl during the Guy Fawkes season collected ten-and-sixpence from passers-by in a single evening—and used the money not to buy fireworks but towards a pair of roller-skates. And if we had only had more of the diaries the programme would have been perfect. Instead, we had far too much of the adult narrator, who summarised and analysed the contents of the diaries, telling us, for instance, that only six books were mentioned in them but failing to tell us, what was surely the really interesting thing, the titles of the books. Children, we were given to understand at the end of the programme, rich or poor, town or country, were the same all the world over. It seemed a poor substitute for the children's diaries we had been deprived of in order that such weighty pronouncements could be made.

WALTER ALLEN

THE MOVIES

"On the Town," at the Empire

"Young Man of Music," at the Odeon

"Guilt is My Shadow," at the Plaza

For many weeks now the Empire has been running a cine-variety or stage-cum-screen programme. This is not a form of entertainment that, personally, I incline to: the better each half of the programme, the more certainly it kills the other half. Much the same reasons would, prevent us, I hope, from dipping spring onions in our coffee or enjoying a good afternoon's baseball and cricket. However, I admit the high-tea appeal, and one experience it certainly brings: that delicious moment in the audience when, by a reversal of fortune, film giving way to flesh, those who have paid least find themselves with the best view. Where else for three-and-sixpence—and at high noon too!—can one inherit the guinea front-row hitherto reserved for younger sons of peers?

But the effect (if any) of such performances on the film itself can hardly be other than a bad one: to encourage the stagier kind of musical. Doubly pleasant, then, the surprise offered this week by the Empire to its patrons. For the merit of *On the Town* is precisely that it gets away from the stage, to travel foot-loose about New York. Three sailors, all in white, and with twenty-four hours' leave, come capering on shore in the early morning, and their song-and-dance takes them sightseeing and girl-chasing along pavements and in taxis, into museums, schools of ballet, the underground, the top of the Empire State Building. They slide down a succession of night-clubs like the vista of reflecting mirrors, get chased by police, and unmasked on a Coney Island stage—unveiled, to be more exact. Some of their adventures are funny, others quick and chromatic; Technicolor has got into the voices too. A certain ruthless exhilaration is the target aimed at and hit; and if the whole thing lacks the remembered fascination of Astaire and Rogers, and the simple fun of Jack Oakie (who was pretty good, by the way, at nautical sing-songs), it *has* a gang-appeal of its own. Its sextet of girls and sailors twinkles with leg and larynx very skilfully; the best of them being, I thought, Betty Garrett as a rapacious Sinatra-fan, and the long-legged Vera-Ellen. The piece was directed by Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen, and revives a promising pattern.

The "Young Man of Music" is a trumpet-player who hankers after an unattainable high note, marries a discontented girl with a mind, tumbles into drink, takes pneumonia, and—goes on playing. The trumpeting (by Harry James), though sweet, seemed to me almost devoid of that Jericho-tumbling sound with which our ears have occasionally been startled. A less prolonged and more rewarding film in the Odeon's programme is the documentary of Java, which uses orthodox methods to impress upon us some beautiful glimpses of landscape and work. Suddenly, after rubber plantation and rice terrace, the kapok-beaters simulate an Arctic storm.

The views are the best part, also, of *Guilt is My Shadow*: Devon coast, an old farm, and a market town. But why must the sight of chickens pecking or a converted barn start the idyllic music running? A fatal unreality clings to the life in this pleasant countryside; murder is introduced and then resolved to a fragrant old tune. The happy-go-tearful ending is rather appalling, but we have enjoyed some good passages of suspense and a couple of promising young faces: those of Peter Reynolds and Elizabeth Sellars.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Wilhelm Kempff, at the Chelsea Town Hall.

It is strange that a pianist with so great a Continental reputation should not have played in England until last week, when he gave a recital for the enterprising Chelsea Music Club. The event proved Wilhelm Kempff to be one of the world's leading pianists, and second to none as an interpreter of Beethoven. His style, though capable of great refinement and wide gradations of tone, is essentially robust, dynamic and masculine: so much so that during his Bach and Handel the piano occasionally refused to give, without protest, all that he demanded of it. But when he came to a Scarlatti Sonata in G minor, the audience learnt what sweetness lay concealed within the leonine strength: in this piece, by means of very light pedalling and innumerable subtleties of rhythm and touch, he drew from the keyboard sound-patterns of a kaleidoscopic variety and charm. Those who know his pre-war gramophone records were disappointed that his programme did not include one of the late Beethoven sonatas; but his performance of the E flat major, Op. 31, No. 3, was of such a quality as to banish regrets. Here masterful technique became the servant of a penetrating imaginative vision of Beethoven's thought; during the second movement, in particular, the fierce concentration, the capricious and instantaneous alterations of mood, the combination of brilliance and roughness, gave the listener a curious impression of listening to the tempestuous young Beethoven himself. His playing of Schubert's Opus 120, though full of felicities, lacked the wayward Austrian air as of thoughtless surrender to each passing beauty of a spring landscape. Liszt's *St. Francis Preaching to the Birds* was superlatively given, with double shakes of luminous clarity and a noble restraint in the treatment of the arioso melody. It is to be hoped that concert promoters and the B.B.C. will allow the public many opportunities to hear this fine artist, both with orchestra and in recital.

D.S-T.

Bach Centenary Celebrations

There is a particular difficulty about celebrating the bicentenary of Bach's death. To quote P. H. Láng: "The large concert hall, the only place where we encounter Bach's music, is not his rightful element; on the contrary, it was the only place for which none of his works was intended. He wrote for the

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Church and for intimate gatherings." In the extremely unintimate Central Hall, the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra has attempted to give intimate and historically correct performances of the usual Brandenburg and other concertos. Apart from several different realisations of *The Art of Fugue* (mostly on the Third Programme), few inroads have been made into the vast hinterland of Bach's output. The Bach Choir, for instance, ignoring the cantatas, has contented itself with giving the three major choral masterpieces in one week: admittedly a strenuous undertaking. In the *St. John Passion* (a work of vehement dramatic power overshadowed by its richer and deeper successor), Dr. Jacques overcame the limitations of his unequally balanced forces in a performance which was right in tempo and general effect, however variable in detail. The choir sang with accuracy and spirit, though a more robust tone is needed for the many turbulent choruses which represent the blood-thirsty mob. Peter Pears, who declaimed the Evangelist's music with dignity and fine enunciation, uses fewer dramatic and pictorial touches than some of his predecessors; there is doubtless good justification for this view of the part, yet it must be admitted that no single phrase of his was so telling as that small parenthesis during the scene of Peter's denial, "for it was *cold*," in Sir Steuart Wilson's interpretation of twenty years ago. Of the other soloists, Ena Mitchell (soprano) and Ronald Bristol (a promising new tenor) showed the truest conception of Bach's melodic style. In the bass arias and the role of Pilate, George James sang without much depth of emotion, but with a compensating strength and solidity of tone which have become rare. The contralto and the Christus were inadequate to the occasion.

D. S.-T.

Australian Aboriginal Art, at The Berkeley Galleries

The present exhibition at The Berkeley Galleries, 20 Davies Street, has the sub-title: "Paintings by James Cant after original cave paintings recently discovered by C. P. Mountford in the Arnhem Land Plateau." Left at that it might seem to be an exhibition more to the taste of anthropologists than artists or gallery-goers in general: copies of cave paintings have frequently turned out to be unpleasant as paintings and inaccurate as copies. The exceptional interest and pleasure which awaits one at this show are only accountable to the fact that Mr. James Cant, a contemporary Australian painter, is gifted with unusual sensibility and intelligence. He has been incapable of that pedestrian, literal, finicky attitude which we associate with the academic copyist: in Mr. Mountford's words, Mr. Cant has "reconstructed" these cave paintings "using the materials and techniques of to-day." Yet, at the same time he has, one is forced to believe, been remarkably true to the originals; such combination of verve in the handling with accuracy of reproduction is a remarkable feat. We can hardly believe that *The Turtle Man, "Muraian"*, is not being speared, here, for the very first time; or that *The Hairy Ghosts Called "Mormo"* have first hovered on other walls. But the mystery is, in part, explained when we discover a second section in the exhibition where Mr. Cant shows some of his "own" paintings. Over modesty has led to their exclusion from catalogue and poster. But surely they merit a one-man show? He looks like becoming an Australian Klee.

P. H.

"Murderer's Child," at the New Lindsay

Although it pretends to be a good deal more, this is, in fact, a straightforward mother and son play. The mother was not married to the father—just as well, for he turned out a murderer. As the boy grows up the mother watches every manifestation of his maleness with agonised eyes and drives him hysterical with her constant disapprovals. The sexy blonde she unwisely introduces into the house as a cook brings things to a crisis, and when she is found murdered in a wood, the mother suspects her son. These contrivances are not so well handled dramatically as the scenes between the boy and his mother, and the boy and the blonde. Here the author, Mr. Rutherfoord, develops a good sense of tension and strain. A promising little play in which Mr. Ray Jackson gives a particularly good performance as the son and is well supported by Miss Martha Salzer and Miss Ruth Dunning.

T. C. W.

"Detective Story," at the Princes

For three hours of an August evening, the Detective Squad Room of the 21st Precinct, New York City, was so crowded that it came as no surprise when the Second Burglar referred to it as a "green light hotel." At the cost of some headaches for the producer, who has to freeze groups in suspended animation while the action continues on the other side of the stage, Mr. Sidney Kingsley provides local colour in full measure. There are, among many others, a dozen assorted but uniformly Catholic cops, a hennaed lady who mistook one of Macy's handbags for her own, a successful racketeer and an unsuccessful abortionist, a couple of "four-time losers" and a perplexed first offender who has stolen from his employer because his girl has developed expensive tastes. Against this background quite a lot of plays could be built: Gorki wrote one sort, Edgar Wallace another. Mr. Kingsley has thoughts that lie deeper than Whodunnits. His chief sleuth, who seems to have strayed from *Rain* into the New York police force, suffers from an Oedipus complex and a Messianic hatred of crime which recoils savagely on him when he finds that his "100 per cent." wife was one of the abortionist's luckier patients. Douglass Montgomery and Helen Backlin work hard to make Detective McLeod and his wife convincing. If they fail, it is because Mr. Kingsley, like other American writers, is unduly impressed with the discovery that Life, as has been said of the zebra, is either a white animal with black stripes or a black animal with white stripes: it is all very difficult. The little shoplifter longs to be cooking meals for a husband; the detective's wife declines to be contrite; the glossy racketeer would give millions for a son of his own; the Second Detective exudes kindliness and Scotch because "it's a screwy world"; the ugly little reporter "loves beauty"; the first offender turns out to be an ex-hero of the Pacific war; and even McLeod—assisted by a curative bullet—achieves, as he dies, escape from his fixation. Students of American police procedure may find *Detective Story* rewarding. As a play, it is *Schmarn*—tough stuff, sicklied by the cast of sophomore thought.

A. V.

Correspondence

PROGRESSIVE SCHOOLS

SIR,—Your article by James Cameron gives an accurate picture of the problems confronting the progressive school to-day. The Socialist parent has always had a struggle with principle when deciding to send his child to the privileged rather than to the local primary school. Twenty years ago my husband and I faced this problem for our own family, many of our friends urging us to set the example and educate our children in the state schools, at the same time doing all we could to insist on these schools being good enough. The argument is sound but we soon found that in the town where we were then living we could not send our children to the local school and not know we were sacrificing their education to our principles. We compromised, and a new co-educational school was founded. But from the start we looked forward to the day when private schools such as ours would become unnecessary—and such a time is already measurably nearer. The progressive schools have done much of the experimental work and to-day the training colleges are everywhere preaching the adoption of methods which they tried out and proved in the early days.

Much is still to be done, but there is one field which the State system has, as yet, barely touched—boarding education. For a large number of children there is no question that this is the right form of education. For those whose misfortune is an insecure or unhappy home, a boarding school is a necessity, and for a variety of reasons it is the best education for many others. This is where the progressive schools are to-day making their contribution. If we agree that boarding education is a necessity for many and that the children who

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need it are for the most part just those less adaptable ones for whom the psychologically right treatment is so all-important and that it is here that the pioneer work of the next decade is to be done, then the closing of any one of these schools would be a disaster.

The Local Authorities welcome the help of the progressive schools and willingly place with them children who need boarding school education and for whom it is nowhere else available, but to qualify for this they must be technically " maladjusted " and can only be a proportion of the population of a normal school. The financial difficulties facing the progressive schools to-day are crushing and now threaten their further existence, but the State system cannot as yet take their place, and their loss to this generation would be a real loss to the life of the nation. Is there no way in which the Ministry can be persuaded to make direct grants to schools which have no substantial endowments, as the public schools have, and which can prove themselves efficient and actively experimenting both in teaching method and in ways of dealing with the more sensitive and exceptional children who are unable to fit into the routine of a State day school? Joan Tomlinson

The Beltane School, Shaw Hill,
Melksham, Wilts.

Sir,—Mr. James Cameron will doubtless realise that admiration for his action over the Strachey-Beaverbrook imbroglio does not prevent disagreement with his educational views.

I am a member of the greatest local education authority in the world. I am also a participant in at least one effort to make it possible for the sons of professional and middle-class families to go to their fathers' old school. Mr. Cameron dislikes those independent schools, which he describes as "buttressed by social reputation." He likes independent " progressive " schools. For parents who send their children to the latter he suggests tax-free fees, or for the schools a grant equal to the sum saved on each child not sent to a State school. Showing firm discrimination, he would refuse these privileges to independent but " unprogressive " schools.

Who on earth is to judge standards of progressiveness? My own old school in Scotland pioneered during the nineteenth century a great many methods and practices in physical education which are now commonplace in all schools. But because our boys come, in considerable measure, from families of similar outlook, tradition and background, we must, according to egalitarian standards, be deemed hopelessly unprogressive. Our 1939-45 War Memorial Fund (in this we are like many other independent schools) is devoted to giving a free education, at their fathers' old school, to the sons of the 94 old boys who were killed. Those of us who fought and survived go to various and stringent monetary sacrifices to do the same for our own sons. There are no tax-free fees for us; and when a Junior Minister sneers at " Tory brats " we are apt to recall our friends who did not survive.

Surely, however, it is straining patience a little too far, to say nothing of equity, to urge that because we do not conform to current social and political theories we should have fiscal discrimination, of the gross character suggested by Mr. Cameron, practised against us.

As tc Mr. Cameron's crop of " potentially valuable human beings," were we to set those 94 of my schoolfellows who died for their country alongside 94 similar products of a progressive school, would he or I be brash enough to say which would be the most valuable? Is it so wrong of us to seek to educate, in accordance with a faith and a tradition in which we believe, a generation of our sons and our friends' sons, who may *live* in the service of their country, instead of (as twice in the past fifty years has been amply demanded) dying for it? John Connell

25 Brookfield, West Hill, N.6.

FLAGELLATION

Sir,—Public alarm at recent violent assaults on defenceless people has led to a natural demand for more active preventive measures. Among these, flogging seems to take the lead and noble Lords have pointed out some of its beneficial results on themselves. So far as I have read, no one has touched on the erotic effect that beating on the buttocks arouses in certain individuals, frequently male homosexuals, who get their first experience of this peculiar form of pleasure at their Public Schools. A study of some of our popular magazines on sale at street bookstalls and elsewhere shows the widespread desire to read about punishments of this nature. And many films give food for those who have the same tastes.

I believe that beating at school is only provided in this country. I do not wish to suggest that *every* beaten boy derives physical pleasure from the process! But it is a danger not to be ignored, as well as the fact that the beater may enjoy it as much as—or more than—the beaten. Parents would be wise to give up the use of the slipper and other forms of physical violence in the so-called training of their young.

Stella Churchill

THE BELGIAN CRISIS

Sir,—The New Statesman and Nation is usually impartial in its comments on foreign affairs and does not follow the general tendency of appreciating events abroad in the light of political allegiance at home. An exception seems to have been made concerning the Belgian crisis. I do not refer so much to Mr. MacKenzie's article, in your issue of March 18, as to your comment of March 25.

Mr. MacKenzie went to the *Maison du Peuple* for his information and he gave your readers the Socialist interpretation of the facts. If he had gone to the Social Christians' headquarters he might have gathered a very different story, and the comparison between the two stories might have been enlightening. In the circumstances, your readers were not able to form an independent opinion, since they were only shown one side of the picture.

The danger of mixing up internal and foreign politics—a danger against which The New Statesman and Nation has often warned us—is illustrated by your last comments on the Belgian situation, under the title of " To the Bitter End." The fact that you have sympathy with the Belgian Left should not lead you to render King Leopold alone responsible for the cruel crisis through which Belgium is passing. People accept the principle of the monarchy or they reject it. But if they accept it, they should realise that, in every constitutional country, including Britain, a Sovereign has certain responsibilities which he is not free to abandon because a minority of his people have registered a vote against him. King Leopold is in no way responsible for the delay which followed the referendum. He declared that he would abide by its result. When the result proved favourable to him, he further declared, contrary to the wish of his most ardent supporters, that he would not return to Belgium until Parliament invited him to do so. He had previously given his approval, in principle, to the conclusions reached by a mixed Commission which suggested a revision of the articles of the Constitution concerning the King's prerogatives—particularly with regard to the Command of the Army. It is difficult to imagine what further proofs a King could give of his desire to restore unity and of his loyalty to the Constitution he has sworn to respect.

You suggest, Sir, that abdication would be the " sensible course," but unconditional abdication, under pressure and threat, would settle nothing. It would weaken the Monarchy and, with it, Belgium itself, as well as Western Europe. It would not be democratic since it would be opposed to the wish expressed by 58 per cent of the people; and it would not be strictly legal since it would violate the rule that any change in the Constitution should be supported by a two-third majority in Parliament.

Radlett, Herts. Emile Cammaerts

[Professor Cammaerts makes no attempt to refute the serious criticisms of King Leopold's behaviour during and since the war. His arguments for Leopold's return, like those of the Social Christian Party, are based on a refusal to face the fact that a constitutional monarch of a bi-national State is a threat to unity if nearly half the electorate and a majority of one national group distrust the King and have no confidence in his political impartiality. Could any British King withstand the resolute opposition of either the Tories or Labour combined with the Scots, Welsh and Ulster? A constitutional monarch, once questioned, cannot rehabilitate himself by becoming the candidate of a single political party. If Leopold's return will precipitate civil strife, that alone would be reason for sensible men to seek his continued residence abroad. It is not abdication, but irresponsible obduracy that will harm the Belgian monarchy. Professor Cammaerts wrongly suggests that Mr. MacKenzie's report was based upon one-sided information. On the contrary, the President of the Social Christian Party was among the many people of all parties that he interviewed.—Ed., *N.S. & N.*]

"TITO'S PLOT"

Sir,—Mr. Zilliacus has produced a series of red herrings to hide the inexplicable inconsistency in his own attitude to Yugoslavia.

There were a whole number of British organisations, including the Maclean Mission, concerned with liaison with Yugoslavia during the recent war. A number of British democrats and Socialists volunteered for service with such organisations, as they did later with Unrra in Yugoslavia, because they believed that in so doing they would be helping the war effort and struggle they admired. It has now become clear that, on a high and very secret level, the British Government, through certain individuals whom history will disclose, made contact with certain leading members of the Yugoslav Communist Party who had previously worked for Yugoslavia, German or other police or intelligence service. Unbeknown to the great majority of Yugoslav Partisans and of British people associated with Yugoslavia, the plot was carried out. Mr. Zilliacus is not so politically naive nor inexperienced in such matters as not to know that such dirty work is carried out by a very few trusted agents and not widely advertised.

But now facts have shown that there *was* such a plot, that the various British progressives, inside and outside the British armed forces, who sought to aid the Partisans were deceived by the British Government, just as the vast majority of the Yugoslav resistance forces themselves were being deceived by

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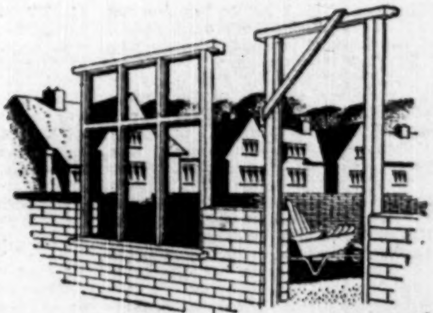

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Tito and his group. This is not the first time that traitors have been revealed amongst the leaders of the Labour and Communist movement, nor may it be the last. Tito, Rajk and Kostov stand in the direct line of descent of Bukharin, Radek, Pyatakov, Doriot and Gitton. It is always something of a shock when such people are exposed—but it is always a great strengthening of the working-class movement.

The resolution of the Communist Information Bureau first pointed out the direction in which Tito's policy was moving. Its warning was more than amply justified by the revelations of the Rajk and Kostov trials. True, these revelations showed that progressives of all countries had been misled by Tito. True, those of us who had believed that he was a sincere Communist leader had to revise our estimate of Yugoslav developments and understand that the heroism and achievements of the Yugoslav Partisans were already being betrayed by Tito and his group. But when the history of these events comes to be written, the Information Bureau resolution, the Rajk and Kostov trials, and above all the Soviet initiative in exposing the Titoists, will be seen as an outstanding victory of Socialism, making it impossible for Western capitalism to use Titoism successfully for further plots in Eastern Europe or in Asia. The Right-wing press of Britain and U.S.A. is still vainly calling for a Czechoslovak, a Chinese, a Japanese, an Indian Tito. But they will call in vain.

What is the result? Mr. Zilliacus now finds himself lined up with the State Department, the Foreign Office, Transport House and the Tory leaders in his ardent support for Tito. Whilst he claims to be opposed to Mr. Bevin's foreign policy, he is the loudest spokesman in favour of this aspect of it. Whilst he claims to stand for peace and friendship with the Soviet Union and the New Democracies, he gives his full backing to a group which uses ultra-revolutionary phrases to justify a bitter hostility to the U.S.S.R., East European democracies and all the Communist Parties. As the open anti-Soviet propaganda of the Titoists grows, so does Mr. Zilliacus' support for the Tito regime. I think that it is Mr. Zilliacus' attitude and not mine for which it is hard to find intellectual or moral justification.

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Socialists and Communists have to be judged not by the "Leftness" (nor the volume) of their statements, but by their acts, present as well as past. If Mr. Zilliacus maintains his present attitude, he may be a frequent and fêted guest in Belgrade (until the Yugoslav people remove the Titoists), and may even become "respectable" again with Transport House, but he will find himself on the side of the Red-baiters and anti-Soviet propagandists.

61 Talbot Road, N.6. JAMES KLUGMANN

SOCIALIST ECONOMICS

SIR,—I am sorry to have to pursue this correspondence; but Mr. Sovren's reply to my letter astonishes me. He takes objection to my book on the alleged ground that I "suggested that Fabians could afford to dispense with proper economic training provided their morals were right." I suggested nothing of the sort, and I cannot imagine on what passage in my book Mr. Sovren bases his belief. I presume he will agree that only a very limited number of persons—even of Fabians—can be expected to go through a professional training in economics, and that persons who have not received such a training are entitled to hold opinions on economic questions, provided they go to *reasonable* trouble in trying to understand the essential issues. I was writing mainly for such persons rather than for professional economists only, but in no other sense did I suggest anything at all resembling the absurd opinion Mr. Sovren imputes to me.

The rest of his letter is no less misleading. He says that my book "can only encourage the typically Socialist enthusiasm which supposes that in economic affairs we can have our cake and eat it." Where did I say anything to encourage such a view, unless the very advocacy of giving priority to a tolerable minimum standard of living is to be regarded as tainted with this vice? I can find no passage in the book that gives any countenance to such a delusion, and there are passages which offer plain warning against it. Mr. Sovren must, I think, have some peculiar bee in his bonnet that makes him regard "Socialist enthusiasm" as deadly sin. I, on the contrary, should like to see a great deal more of it—not least among NEW STATESMAN AND NATION reviewers. G. D. H. COLE

Freeland, Holders Hill Road, N.W.4.

A. J. A. SYMONS

SIR,—It is customary nowadays for reviewers to use the material of a biography for their individual gloss upon its subject. The practice has much to commend it: but it will be apparent to any reader of my biography of A. J. A. Symons that Mr. Ralph Partridge's review has little to do with what I have written.

Mr. Partridge has nowhere been so ingenuous as to make it clear that half of his review consists of his own recollection and conjecture. Instead he has neatly dovetailed a little material from my book, altered in sense by being torn from context, with his own malicious conjectures, and has presented the whole in a form which might well be taken as a paraphrase of the book he was formally reviewing. Where malicious conjecture fails, he resorts to misstatement; there is no authority in my book for his remark that my family "sank back to penury."

It is plain that Mr. Partridge knew and disliked my brother; no doubt it is a good thing for his health that he has spat up some of the bile which must have been troubling him now for several years; but is it fitting, Sir, that you should have encouraged him to do so in public? JULIAN SYMONS

SIR,—As one who knew the late A. J. A. Symons intimately for a number of years, I cannot but protest at the extremely misleading portrait of him which appears in your current issue. It is indeed etched in acid.

In writing his brother's biography Mr. Julian Symons, commendably anxious not to sentimentalise, has gone to the other extreme and laid an undue emphasis on A. J.'s foibles and imprudences, now assembled by your reviewer to make up what is merely a malicious caricature.

A. J.'s hospitality was, to many besides myself, generous and delightful; Mr. Partridge gives a wholly false colour to it when he suggests that visitors were expected to buy the bric-a-brac, that they were overcome by oppressive feelings, and that A. J.'s party trick of imitating the signatures of his guests was sinister and alarming to them. To call him "a menace" is to write nonsense; and a man must surely be going out of his way to be unpleasant when he implies that a collector is open to criticism for having his treasures "neatly arranged and laid out for inspection" instead, presumably, of keeping them in an undistinguishable jumble.

For all his assurance in denigration, your reviewer seems to have noticed very little about his host. A. J. never posed as a member of the landed gentry. On the contrary, he was almost too expansive in telling his friends precisely how he had come to acquire a country house or any other possession. The "soft, white hands" twice disparagingly mentioned were actually a rather curious olive-brown. He did not conceal "all his life" that his first name was Alphonse. I introduced him by it in a public speech I made at Harrogate, which he took with the greatest good humour. He appeared as "Alphonse" for seven years in *Who's Who*, and if at last he described himself as Alroy, it was one of those little deliberate absurdities in which he loved to indulge, and could not for a moment have been intended by him for a serious deception.

A. J. did admittedly determine to get on in life—though "sinking back into penury" is not a very accurate statement of the position of his family, who lived in a comfortable and pleasant house at Clapham, where I visited him. The "ruthless adventurer" remained most attached to his mother, brothers and sister.

Statements he made about his youthful environment which sounded like romantic fabrications turn out, in the light of his brother's book, to be perfectly true.

His career was hampered by more illness than has been recorded, and at the beginning of 1937, some weeks after he had had a severe operation, I remember asking him to relax and not bother to "keep up a front" for his friends. He replied that, if he were to show how sick and worried he felt, he would no longer be socially acceptable—a strange and sad modesty he carried with him to the very end.

I could fill pages of your journal with instances of his kindness, generosity and helpfulness, and above all his loyalty to his friends. He was tolerant to a fault, with the consequence that, if he did not nurse vipers in his bosom, he seems to have warmed them at his hearth. DORIS LANGLEY MOORE

SIR,—Your reviewer's account of the late A. J. A. Symons gave me a kind of strange shock. Nothing surely, even in Julian Symons's uncompromisingly candid biography of his brother, justifies so malevolent an attack? I say "malevolent" with meaning, for the review is at pains to paint a picture of contemptible charlatanism which the biography does not do, and which must incense the many friends of A. J. who long ago learned to value all that was stimulating, talented, original and even lovable in his character. He was far from perfect, but this falling short by no means sets him apart from the rest of mankind. To dismiss him, as Mr. Partridge has so censoriously done, as "an impostor and a fraud," as only *just* not "another louse on the locks of literature," is as disproportionate, unsuitable and absurd as if he had waited malignantly till now for an opportunity of blackening Mr. Micawber. Indeed, the impression which your reviewer (perhaps inadvertently) makes is that he must for years have nursed some snub, some jealousy, or personal dislike, and have grasped eagerly at this chance of dealing a posthumous blow. His revenge will cause pain and astonishment to A. J.'s many friends, and also, I cannot help thinking, to Mr. Partridge's as well. MARGARET LANE.

Albany,
Piccadilly, W.1.

We regret that in our notice of *Messiah* published last week, the name of the London Choral Society was wrongly given as the New London Choral Society.

Books in General

The revolt against Sainte-Beuve has always been led from the top. With Flaubert to scorn his feminine phrasing, Musset to speak of "Sainte-Bévue," Proust to flinch from his "shoddy affability," and Gautier to remark that never once had he struck the bronze medal of a lasting fame, there is no lack of precedent for those who consider that real criticism began with the first number of *Les Temps Modernes*. In recent years, however, controversy about the method of Sainte-Beuve has largely given place to discussion of his personality. The release of *Mes Poisons* in 1926 revealed even to the most obtuse of readers that when it came to concentrated unpleasantness not Pope, not Swift, not Martial himself was more terrible than Sainte-Beuve. In this wonderful little book, which must rank with the infernal machines of Sainte-Beuve's favourites, Chamfort and Rivarol, there is nothing of the deft accommodation which made him so many enemies in his lifetime. "Squeeze the sponge," he had said of his essays, "and the acid will run out." In *Mes Poisons*, Sainte-Beuve himself did the squeezing, and amply did he repay the insults which he had endured, throughout a life of almost maniacal diligence, from Nature, Art, and his fellow-men.

One should not under-estimate the degree of his provocation. Sainte-Beuve is a man about whom it is almost impossible to find a kindly or favourable anecdote. His legend is that of an ill-natured, ill-favoured, ill-breeding and ill-uttering freak. The lisping, half-bald lecturer at Lausanne; the duellist, discharging his pistol beneath an open umbrella; the scribbling hermit in his dressing-gown of coarse white wool; the social animal, dressing for a grand dinner-party with his complexion freshened by the timely use of an enema; the inappropriately youthful waistcoats, and the loud "*Hum*! *Hum*!" with which he filled out the pauses in his conversation—all these amount to the portrait of a grotesque. The melodious suavity of the *Lundis*, the sculptural grandeur of *Port-Royal*, and the illimitable, broadly affectionate curiosity of the *Portraits*—all are discounted, now that their creator has fallen into his own trap and become the victim of those who believe that the personality of an author cannot be transcended by his works.

With the publication last autumn of the sixth volume of M. Jean Bonnerot's monumental edition of the *Correspondance Générale de Sainte-Beuve**, it does, however, become possible to see that Sainte-Beuve has been unfairly treated. Not that M. Bonnerot has completed his task: he is at present cutting his way out at a cost, in text, commentary and notes, of several hundred thousand words for every year of his subject's life. The first volume of his gigantic enterprise was issued in 1935, and covered Sainte-Beuve's career as far as December, 1835. With Volume II, published in the following year, M. Bonnerot spurted in the noblest Leander style and carried the story up to 1838; but since then insufficient public support, the hazards of war and the demands of a full-time public office (M. Bonnerot is Librarian of the Sorbonne) have slowed the work; despite the encouragement of many an amateur coach upon the tow-path, the latest volume, a packed octavo of 622 pages, covers only the years 1845-46. That it, and indeed the whole venture, should not have been more loudly applauded in this country would certainly have offended Sainte-Beuve, who delighted in his English blood and went so far as to say "I wish I were English; after all, an Englishman is always *somebody*"; it is also particularly unjust, in that it was during the course of an Allied air-raid on Mayenne, in June, 1944, that the 840 manuscript pages of Volume V were destroyed at the printers, leaving hardly an entry intact. M. Bonnerot's perfectionism is of the kind that will dedicate a fortnight's searches to the identification of a volume which Sainte-Beuve may have borrowed for two days from a public library; the result will stand for ever.

Sainte-Beuve was not a great letter-writer, and many of the letters in this stately series of volumes reflect little but the predictable traffic of the professional literary man; but there are certain categories which lie very differently on the page. The rare holidays, for example: and especially the visit which he paid to England in 1828. "What a funny sort of life," he wrote from Oxfordshire, "is that of the Country-Esquires—hunting, fishing, dining out, horse-riding, preaching on Sunday (most of them are the parsons of their parish); everybody I see here is really a parson—not that you would think it, for they go dancing, get married, are agreeable in their way and, though they are genuine believers, do little to show it." At that age (he was then 24) Sainte-Beuve had not yet scaled down his judgments to the perfect moderation of his maturity. "Take away from St. Paul's its towers and its domes," he wrote to Victor Hugo, "and you are left with nothing but the carcass of a Dutch barge." The relationship with the Hugos is only one of the many strands in Sainte-Beuve's life which M. Bonnerot has enabled us to follow not merely in the great critic's own letters, but (in a great many cases) in the replies he received and—most revealing of all—in the drafts which he decided not to send. Sainte-Beuve would have liked to excel as a poet, a mystic and a lover; but by the time we have finished Volume VI his failure in all three spheres is decisively apparent.

As a poet, Sainte-Beuve must rank—well, higher than his admired Madame Tastu. As a mystic, he measured his chances exactly when he wrote to Lamennais in 1831 that "Christianity . . . is indeed the true and only religion. But the difficulty is to make it a rule of life, the sovereign arbiter of one's habits and desires; for in the distractions, the daily seductions, of even the simplest Parisian life, the struggle between the beginnings of a faith and one's frantic desires, one's deep-rooted habits, can never be equal." As a lover, he was haunted and humiliated by his defects of voice and person. "You cannot imagine," he said in 1865, "what it is to feel that one will never be loved, that one's love can never be declared, because one is old and ugly and would make oneself ridiculous." Even as a young man he had reason to doubt his powers; and in the new volume we find him in the *malheureux midi*, the sad noontide of his affections.

Yet high noon has its consolations; and nothing in the years 1845-6 is more curious than the dialogue between Sainte-Beuve and Madame Allart de Méritens. Hortense Allart was gifted with an unlimited capacity for intellectual attack; at once novelist, historian and philosopher, versed equally in dead and living languages, she had corresponding powers of erotic enterprise. ("And why," she once wrote to Sainte-Beuve, "should the number of my lovers be limited otherwise than by the liberality of Providence?") Chateaubriand and Bulwer-Lytton were the most eminent of those who had preceded Sainte-Beuve in her affections; but it appears from these letters that for once Sainte-Beuve was insensitive to the charm of historic associations, for their liaison had hardly begun before he rebuffed her in one of the most ungallant letters ever committed to paper. ("*Quand je vous vois, je suis faible, je désire; cela est suivi de longs troubles. Je veux trouver en vous un appui contre vous, contre moi-même. Vous me verrez toujours ami, toujours touché; mais qui'il y ait entre nous une barrière, et que je reste en deçà du serment*!") It says much for the accessible Queen of the Blues that even after this she continued to send him the letters which bring to these rather severe pages so welcome a touch of fantasy. Sainte-Beuve did not answer regularly; and only once—in a daring conceit, drawn from the Palatine Anthology, on the superior qualities of autumnal fruit—did he go out of his way to compliment her. In no wise discouraged, she set herself to win him; and we, as much as he, are teased and charmed as she rattles on, now singing the praises of her country retreat, now wishing herself some Oriental bird of prey, now likening Chatham to "those holy men, those *priests* whose lives are dedicated to the highest passions." The Pitt family is responsible, in fact, for the most fully developed of her fantasies—that in which she imagines Sainte-Beuve metamorphosed as the younger Pitt. "Chatham would have loved you tenderly," she bursts out, quite demented by the phantasmal glories of the scene. "You would have played a great part in Parliament, with your eloquence, your authority, your powers of expression . . . but would you have been an inflexible Minister, a firm rock among the hurricanes of war? Of that I am not so sure."

Sainte-Beuve was not so sure, either, though he rather liked being called "*Mon Pitt*." He confided to Hortense Allart that it was rather in a novel that he thought of expressing his political conclusions. *Ambition*, the novel so often forecasted in his middle years, would contain "everything true and original that I have to say about politics . . . and in the background some waning passion, in that last bitter and disillusioned phase that I know so well and could render with such dreadful veracity." Perhaps he exaggerated a little, for he retained to the end that predisposition to *ennui* which is the mark of those who read *Obermann* in early youth. There are other, more fugitive romances in this new volume (among them one so ardent that, having strained a ligament while searching for a book in a dark corner, he caused himself to be carried in a chair to the salon of his beloved); but it is the correspondence with Hortense Allart that carries us nearest to Sainte-Beuve. "The great thing," as he said in old age, "is to have tried everything and believe in nothing." In 1846 the tremendous effort of the *Lundis* was yet to come; the long years in which Sainte-Beuve, walled up in his study like Hans d'Islande in his cave, was to produce a weekly article of twenty pages—those years began only in 1849. In old age he liked to say that the *Lundis* were written to restrain, if not to suppress, an overwhelming sensation of emptiness and despair; but one cannot read the articles on the ancients, or on the masters of the seventeenth and eighteenth century, without fancying that Sainte-Beuve saw himself as the guardian of civilisation. "I believe," he wrote to Hortense Allart in 1845, "that society is an *invention*, that civilisation is an *art*, that it has all had to be *discovered*, and that it could equally well never have existed, or existed only in an infinitely lesser degree." Of these inventions, arts and discoveries, Hortense Allart was herself a worthy fragment; and it was perhaps a little with her example in mind that Sainte-Beuve later declared that "*il n'y a rien de vrai que la femme.*"

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* *Sainte-Beuve : Correspondance Générale.* Vol. VI. *Editions Stock.* 1800 *fr.*

John Russell

SUBTRACTION

"If we take away from a body all that can be referred to mere sensuous experience . . . the body will vanish; but the space which it occupied still remains and this it is utterly impossible to annihilate in thought."—Kant.

Take a rose from a rose
and leave bare space; but where
the lost rose, outcast, goes
taking the heart from the petalled air
is eyeless; and the mind is cold
for its loss, and no fire burns in the gold.

Take the moon from the moon
and leave bare space; the heart of the seas
is stopped with sorrow, the islands' croon
sways into silence; for mind's decrees
are cobalt-steel and it has no care
for the moon, or the loss of the heart of air.

Take from the world its light
and the world is gone
with the moon and the rose from sight.
The mind remains with space, alone,
to kiss in the void; for no mind knows
where the light has taken the moon and the
rose.

Donald Watt

PLANNING THE SECOND FRONT

Overture to Overlord. By Lt. Gen. Sir Frederick Morgan. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 20s.

Time and publishing delays have not been kind to General Morgan. His account of the planning which turned the invasion of France from an agreed intention into Operation Overlord was written three years ago. Since then, other pens have described the politics and strategy which conditioned the "Second Front"; and from this angle Sir Frederick contributes little that is now news. Moreover, judged as military history, his book has disconcerting omissions. He finds space for a description in some detail of the canteen at Norfolk House, where "Cossac" had his headquarters, but practically none for detailed data relating to the immense problems of logistics which the Administrative Staff had to overcome. And, even if he was writing for the general reader and not compiling a military text-book, one would have thought that he would have included a picture (in its way the most fascinating) of the enemy's changing order of battle.

None the less, despite its lacunae and its occasional lapses into autobiography *en pantoufles*, General Morgan's history of "Cossac" is not without value. He gives an interesting account of the difficulties occasioned by the human factor in building an "integrated" Anglo-American staff—an achievement which owed much to his own great capacities as urbane pourer of oil upon troubled waters—and he reveals how embarrassing to the military planners was the discovery that somebody would have to do something politically with the territories liberated or conquered. Then there were the tricky problems of public relations and psychological warfare involved in the feint attack—Operation Starkey—staged in the Channel in the summer of 1943, with the three-fold (and imperfectly achieved) object of bringing the enemy to air battle, inducing him to weaken the Eastern Front and persuading him that our eventual assault would be on the Pas de Calais. Of the planning, positive and precautionary, which went into "Starkey," General Morgan writes usefully and well.

Need the 1943 operations have been only a feint? General Morgan is writing specifically of the task assigned to him—the planning and preparation for Operation Overlord—but from his emphasis on the pressure which had to be maintained in order to be ready for the target date, May, 1944, it is to be inferred that he found Russian impatience in 1943 misplaced, if understandable. In fact, it is clear in retrospect that when the "Arcadia" conference in Washington, around Christmas, 1941, decided that the Western Allies' task for 1942 should be Operation Torch—the descent on North Africa from the West—no chance remained of mounting an *all-out* invasion of France before the spring of 1944. "Torch" and the subsequent operations against Sicily and Italy absorbed too many men, too much material. Had an assault on Western France been attempted in 1943 as a *complement* to "Torch," it could only have been with the aim of securing a preliminary lodgment. How far such an operation would have aided the Russian counter-offensive, and how it would have fared, it is now idle to speculate.

As it was, on the British side reluctance to go *Banco* on "Overlord" persisted long after the Casablanca conference, in January, 1943, had resolved that plans for that operation should be "developed in detail." General Morgan confirms that the British Chiefs of Staff returned from Casablanca ill-pleased at having had to commit themselves in writing to a project from which "certain British authorities, at any rate, instinctively recoiled." He records how, soon after "Cossac" was set up, he received from the Cabinet Offices a paper in which the Prime Minister outlined "a project for applying the whole united strength of Britain and the United States to the Mediterranean." Even when the master plan for "Overlord" was well in train, there was significant insistence in high British quarters that strategy must be "flexible": "Rankin"—the "limited strength" operation to be undertaken in the event of Germany's collapse under the hammer blows of the Red Army—was more than an alternative plan calling for quick improvisation; it reflected the whole "anti-Second Front," wishful state of mind. As late as October, 1943, when he visited Washington, General Morgan was somewhat taken aback to hear from President Roosevelt "an argument"—obviously the fruit of Mr. Churchill's coaching—"in favour of invading Europe from the South-east."

General Morgan was himself, like the U.S. Chiefs of Staffs, a confirmed "Westerner"; and it was apparent even to inconspicuous amateur soldiers on his staff that he was irked by what could be described as "Rankin-mindedness" in Whitehall. To the question whether "Overlord" could have been undertaken in 1943, if North Africa had not been invaded, he gives the cautious answer: "Possibly." This, as he points out, leaves aside the consideration what courses would have been open to the enemy if Kesselring in Italy had not had to be reinforced. In the event, the Russians, as was to be expected, became increasingly bitter, incredulous and cynical about Anglo-American intentions; and General Morgan quotes an anecdote about Marshal Stalin, which is at least *ben trovato*, to illustrate the scepticism with which the Russian High Command came to regard the long-delayed Second Front. It had been explained in Moscow, *inter alia*, that the Normandy assault was based on the supposition that the number of German full-strength mobile field divisions in France at the crucial time would not exceed a dozen—the Russians and General Alexander being expected to contain the rest.

> The great man is said merely to have put his finger on the figure of twelve divisions, quoted as being the maximum acceptable to us in German reserve in France on D-day. "What," he said, "if there are thirteen?" I don't know what answer he was given.

The student is left to ponder two questions—clearly not unrelated to each other. What would have been the effect on post-war history if General Eisenhower's liberating forces had, in fact, debouched "from the South-east"? And what would have been the effect on the conduct of the war and on its outcome if the O.K.W. had had, for a few vital months longer, possession of that essential strip of French coast from which a full-scale attack on southern England by rocket projectiles was planned but, luckily for London, planned too late?

Aylmer Vallance

THE VAN MEEGEREN AFFAIR

Van Meegeren's Faked Vermeers and De Hooghs. By Dr. P. Coremans. *Cassell* 25s.

All too seldom do we have the opportunity of enjoying one of the most pleasurable of all spectacles—the exposure of a specialist as a booby. When the news broke in 1945 that a number of accepted masterpieces by Vermeer were in fact the work of a drunken little charlatan, called Van Meegeren, the public were overjoyed. They took the meanest delight in being revenged on the tribe of experts who had bamboozled them for so long with talk of technical niceties. Once again Science, the Hero of the Hour, was triumphant; for when the mask fell finally from the faker's face it was in a laboratory, far from the book-lined sanctum of any connoisseur. In this book Dr. Coremans exposes in detail, with many illustrations and diagrams, the technical nature of the forgeries; he also chronicles their conception and discovery.

As Dr. Coremans shows, Van Meegeren originally copied pictures out of hatred for the official world of art historians, aestheticians, critics and connoisseurs who disregarded his own indifferent work. They were right; it was abominably slick and vulgar. Later he certainly faked for profit and made some £600,000 out of it, but this was only after the success of his first big Vermeer, *The Disciples at Emmaus*, bought for the equivalent of £52,000 by the Rembrandt Society and given to the Boymans Museum in Rotterdam. Although Van Meegeren took several years to perfect his plans for the fabrication of this picture, it was not until 1936 that he actually started painting it, using an old canvas from which he had carefully scraped most of a picture by Hondius. "For six or seven months he isolated himself in his villa at Roquebrune, where he worked with the fierce determination of proving that he was more than a third-rate painter." Selling the finished work was more of a problem. Van Meegeren invented a pedigree for the picture which involved a castle in Holland, a Dutch family who emigrated to the South of France with a collection of pictures and a woman called Mavroeke, supposedly in love with the faker himself. He then employed an agent who extracted a certificate for the picture out of Dr. Bredius. In due course, a sale ensued. Subsequent forgeries were easy to dispose of, even if none of them, as Van Meegeren himself admitted, came anywhere near the quality of *The Disciples*.

This fantastic series of frauds only came to light after the Liberation of Holland. Field Security Police, in charge of hunting down collaborators, found that Van Meegeren was implicated in the sale to Goering of a so-called Vermeer, *The Woman Taken in Adultery*. They arrested him. But after six weeks of gaol he announced that the picture in question was his own work, as were five further Vermeers, two De Hooghs and various other paintings. No one believed this. However, as the result of controversial articles in the press, experts agreed to make tests on the pictures, while the Field Security asked Van Meegeren to demonstrate his methods to them. He did this in a new picture, *Jesus among the Doctors*—surely an ironical choice of subject. This work he never finished or "aged." There was no point: in September, 1945, a charge of forgery was substituted for that of collaboration. Divorce from his actress wife, a legal enquiry, sentence of one year's imprisonment and death from a heart-attack in December, 1947, completed the *débâcle*.

Not since the famous Flora affair in 1909 had there been such an uproar in the world of art. Then Albert Durer Lucas had proved that the Kaiser Friedrich Museum's bust of Flora, attributed unquestionably by every expert to Leonardo, was in fact the handiwork of his father, Richard Cockle Lucas. This indifferent Victorian sculptor is said to have stuffed his creation with copies of *The Times* and a pair of tartan trews. To this day partisans maintain that the presence in the bust's *matière* of archil, a lichenous dye unknown after the sixteenth century, proves the bust genuine. Van Meegeren's case was just the opposite. Experts discovered in his paint the presence of an artificial resin of the phenol-formaldehyde group, peculiar to this age of plastics. This gave the paint layers their authentic hardness and crackle, even if it produced the dullness and porosity (foreign to early painting), which helped to betray him. To age his pictures further, Van Meegeren rolled them up in various directions round a cylindrical object. This made large cracks, which he filled in with ink to simulate dirt—a notorious faker's trick.

Many of these pictures are now patently bogus, but it is easy to be wise after the event. Why, when Dr. Bredius published his eulogistic article in *The Burlington*, did no expert disagree in print? In the first place, the fake, as fakes go, was a masterpiece. Then, Vermeer scholars in the 1930s were convinced that there existed a series of pictures painted by the master to adorn the meeting-place of a secret religious society. Also they had a theory that Vermeer had travelled to Italy and there been influenced by Caravaggio. *The Disciples* fitted in with both these suppositions, and who does not grab at an opportunity to prove a pet theory? Furthermore, the late Dr. Bredius was then an authority of unimpeachable reputation. Why the later fakes, which were all blatant horrors, were accepted is more of a mystery. They display all the vulgarity of late nineteenth-century sacred art and none of Vermeer's magnificent luminosity and brio. These mawkish disciples with "their hair just washed and combed," these androgynous Christ figures with the heavy-lidded eyes of a Dietrich and enormous heads could not have been painted earlier than 1860. And nowhere in Van Meegeren's pictures does one find the *spirit* of an original Vermeer. The drawing, colour, brushwork, mannerisms, may at times be identical. But no faker can reproduce this magic quality. An original picture by a master is one of a series, all of which have the prestige of a great mind behind them. The glory of a whole *oeuvre* reflects on each work.

JOHN RICHARDSON

HOPKINS, THE JESUIT

Immortal Diamond: Studies in Gerard Manley Hopkins. Edited by NORMAN WEYAND, S.J. *Sheed & Ward.* 21*s.*

This is not an immediately attractive book. Printed on paper that is quite exceptionally smooth and repulsive, it contains essays by American Jesuits which are, moreover, admittedly out of date. They were generally completed in 1944, before the appearance of W. H. Gardner's massively definitive-looking two-volume centenary study. There seems, on the face of it, no more reason for Hopkins studies by Jesuits than, say, for Hogg studies by Ettrick shepherds, Keats studies by his fellow consumptives or studies in Wilde by convicted pederasts. Still, non-Catholic writers on Hopkins have made great play with the supposed harm done to the poet by his Jesuit training, whereas no writer on Hogg has abused Ettrick. Gardner, after all, belongs, not even to '44, but to the Richards-Leavis-Empson period of nearly twenty years ago, when he began his book. Jesuits, unlike Ettrick shepherds, are learned men, who have all studied poetry as a branch of rhetoric. Two of the more formal of these essays are really very good indeed, and an Appendix reprints newspaper accounts of the *Deutschland* and *Eurydice* disasters whose interest, especially in the case of the *Deutschland*, would be considerable even in the absence of poems on these subjects by Hopkins.

It seems to be proved that Hopkins was not a particularly efficient priest, and his recorded sufferings seem to bear more relation to this fact than to the painful and humiliating affliction of piles from which he suffered already in his twenties. Certainly, too he was, in the Freudian sense, for what that is now worth, frustrated and repressed, and there is at times an embarrassing tactile voluptuousness in his play with words. But do critics who, for this reason, view the Society of Jesus with hostility in fact seriously conceive a Hopkins leading a different life and writing quite other verse? The unity of a life and an achievement cannot be broken. Even if we considered it permissible to ask what a non-Jesuit Hopkins might have been and done, our best guesses would present us only with another Doughty or another Swinburne. Whatever underlay Hopkins's conversion, he persisted in it. Religious vows have no force in law, and there were twenty-one years during which a man of a more independent spirit could have cut loose. Hopkins seems, in fact, to have been contented during the years of his novitiate and tertianship, which sheltered him from active responsibility and provided him with a curriculum of formal intellectual tasks much to his taste. That he found himself still unweaned at forty may be supposed the cause of as much bitterness as he discovered when he was left to fend a little for himself in Dublin.

But, if the Society of Jesus is not to be blamed, neither is it to be congratulated. Its prolonged, severe and evidently rather childish discipline gave us the Hopkins we know in much the same sense as Leopardi's diseases gave us Leopardi. The one is unthinkable without the other, but of course a debilitated frame does not always produce an exquisite lyrical pessimism nor the Jesuit training so curious and seminal an obsession with language.

TRISTAN BUSCH

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Of this arresting new book, Wickham Steed, the world-famous journalist and former editor of The Times, **wrote to its author: "It is a record of probably unique personal experience with all the interest of a detective story; and it has the curious quality of being most sensational where it is most matter-of-fact."**

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The first essay in this book, by Fr. Martin C. Carroll, gives us a useful year-by-year conspectus of Hopkins's life as a Jesuit. It is not irritatingly tendentious. Fr. Chester A. Burns's essay, *G. M. H., Poet of Ascetic and Aesthetic Conflict*, is. Fr. Burns would have preferred Hopkins sanctified. Fr. Arthur MacGillivray's *Hopkins and Creative Writing* is immeasurably silly. Fr. MacGillivray may be very young, but he writes with the peculiar jollity appropriate to an old man released from administrative duties.

Other essays, including detailed analyses of individual poems, range from the mildly interesting to the merely confusing. The fascination of *The Times* accounts of the *Deutschland* affair, protests against the too-evident discretion of the Harwich fishermen, the mayor's public wriggling about the absence of a lifeboat, the subsequent corpse-robbing, is limitless. And indeed one sees very well how deeply " the tall nun " might go as a symbol into the mind even of an agnostic poet. A glossary aims with much transatlantic goodwill at interpreting the difficult words in Hopkins: some of them dialect words, some archaisms, others inventions. It is Hopkins's complexities which most stick in the mind. It is certain of his simplicities one recalls with most pleasure, both simplicities of expression in the verse and a wonderful directness of thought here and there in the letters, when Bridges has more than usually exasperated by his failure to understand.

But it is for his rhythmical theorising and experiment that Hopkins has been and will no doubt continue to be most discussed. Himself never quite free of the prosodic system upon which he declared war, he liberated English poetry after him. The nature of this liberation may not be recognised by those for whom it has been most effective. It is, perhaps, least understood by those who are recognisably Hopkins imitators, and whose freedom manifests in a kind of alliterative diarrhoea. In its simplest terms, what Hopkins did was make it no longer seem necessary to count syllables. He ended the tyranny of *ti-tum, ti-tum,* to which (Jespite Shakespeare, Donne and *Samson Agonistes*) English had submitted at least since Spenser.

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This breaking-down of the syllabic structure of English verse threw open more of the frontier between verse and prose than did even Whitman (who fascinated and repelled Hopkins). The new frontier has not yet been agreed. Provisionally each poet is now compelled to draw it for himself. This revolution, which, like other revolutions, has turned out by no means an unmixed blessing, was effected by a man whose own theorising was unsound, his practice cumbrous and frequently confusing. The two essays by Frs. John Louis Bonn and Walter J. Ong magnificently explain why. The former shows how Hopkins's misconceptions about Greek prosody arose from the study of a German scholar, J. H. Heinrich Schmidt, himself a considerable pioneer but guilty of rushed conclusions and responsible, too, for Hopkins's musico-mathematical aberrations. Fr. Ong similarly demonstrates how impossible it was, in 1882, three years before Sievers, for Hopkins to understand the rhythmical system of Old English, towards which he was, nevertheless, in process of retracing his steps.

Whatever we may conclude about the Society of Jesus and the poet's *libido*, that he was hamstrung by bad scholarship is indisputable. One would have liked to see Fr. Bonn's and Fr. Ong's essays completed by a third, which it may be that no American Jesuit is competent to undertake, on the verse theory of Welsh, to which also Hopkins made a frustrated approach, though it is true that no rhythmical liberty was to be found in Welsh verse, whose system, to a foreign eye (" eye " advisedly, for the opportunity of hearing Welsh classical verse seems not to exist), looks even more rigidly syllabic than that of post-renaissance English, but whose gallery of alliterative and rhyming types may yet help us to set our houses of verse and prose in order.

RAYNER HEPPENSTALL

NEW NOVELS

New Day. By V. S. REID. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Grass is Singing. By DORIS LESSING. *Michael Joseph.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Waterfall. By AVERIL MACKENZIE-GRIEVE. *Hutchinson.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Man in Ebony. By DENYS CRAIG. *Gollancz.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

It is odd that, simultaneously with the Seretse case, four novels should appear, all concerned in some way with coloured people under White domination. Two of these novels, one by a Jamaican man, the other by a woman who spent her formative years in South Africa, are of outstanding interest. V. S. Reid's *New Day* and Doris Lessing's *The Grass is Singing* are not only original and striking in themselves but provide an illuminating contrast. The Jamaican novel is one of hope and extroverted vigour; it deals with people to whom the sense of community is so natural and vivid that they are as conscious of their neighbours' sufferings as of their own. The South African one is a study of despair . . . of one woman so neurotically withdrawn into herself that she ends by being conscious of nothing but her private obsession. The two books are quite unlike in approach and treatment yet there is a connection between their themes. Each shows that human beings cannot exploit or degrade each other without becoming degraded and dehumanised themselves.

" 'Class' is not a South African word," says Miss Lessing, "its equivalent is 'Race'." Jamaica, on the other hand, appears to make much of class distinctions and little of racial ones. Marriage between White and coloured people is common and there is a large population of mixed African and European (often Celtic) stock. Many of the most vigorous and gifted Jamaican families have, like the Campbells of *New Day*, a strong infusion of Scottish blood. One of the many interesting things about V. S. Reid's book is the way the author shows the two strains working in his characters; sometimes in conflict, sometimes in the most effective harmony. *New Day* could be called a saga of Jamaica's achievement of Home Rule since it begins with the rebellion of 1865, put down with such savagery by Eyre, and ends with the New Constitution of 1944. Mr. Reid makes the history poignant and living by seeing it through the eyes of an old man who was involved as a small boy in the Morant Bay rising. John Campbell re-tells his own life in a long dramatic monologue. At first the Jamaican dialect presented certain difficulties, but once I made myself *listen* to the story while reading it, it became a delight. The language is full of odd rhythms, repetitions and inversions; it is English used with such freshness of image and idiom that it takes on a new character. I was so constantly reminded of Welsh dialect that I was interested to find the author's note at the end saying that the Jamaican " derives in part from the English of an earlier day and in part from the Welsh."

The book is remarkable both for its candour and its lack of bitterness. It is critical of the British but never sour or self-pitying. All the characters are well drawn; the children quite brilliantly. Mr. Reid has a keen, sensitive eye and ear, a natural sense of poetry and drama and a pretty satirical wit. *New Day* has certain weaknesses;, there are almost too many dramatic incidentse some rather theatrically contrived, and th. language at times seems too tropically lush John Campbell, so human and convincing in boyhood becomes too much a type-figure of wisdom and justice when the story catches up with the present and becomes almost exclusively political. But these are slight flaws compared with the pleasure of finding a new writer so fresh and unselfconscious using such a rich and expressive dialect. If there are other writers of his quality working in this vein we can hope to see the rise of a characteristic Jamaican literature.

The Grass is Singing quotes on its title page a sentence from an unknown author: " It is by the failures and misfits of a civilisation that one can best judge its weaknesses." *New Day* is, for all the sufferings and conflicts it describes, a success story. Doris Lessing's novel is an acute and painful study of failure, a drama confined to two people in which the sufferings and conflicts are all internal. Only in the first chapter is the outer world introduced. The slatternly, half-crazy wife of an unsuccessful British farmer is found murdered on her veranda. The murderer, who makes no attempt to cover his tracks, is a Kaffir house-boy. Horrified conjecture runs rife as to his motive. The white neighbours fear (mistakenly) that Mary Turner has committed the unforgivable sin of taking a native lover and, at the hasty, hushed-up trial, everyone connives at attributing the Kaffir's act to drunkenness and intent to steal. For the rest of the book the centre of consciousness is that of the murdered woman. The slow decay of this brittle creature from the well-dressed " good sort " town girl into the embittered neurotic of the lonely farm is admirably done. Mary Turner, with her inability to make real contact with others (a weakness which disguises itself as general affability till she is forced into isolation with a feckless husband) would have been a neurotic in any country. But only in South Africa, where farm life forces her up against the Kaffirs whom she has been conditioned from childhood to fear and despise, could her neurosis have taken its particular form. She develops a pathological hatred of them, bullies and overworks them to the dismay of her easy-going, decent husband and eventually becomes almost hypnotically fascinated by the one Kaffir she has a real reason to fear. Step by step she invites her own death and by the time the knife falls the reader has been so drawn into the woman's tormented mind that the end comes with curiously dreamlike peace. It would be easy to write pages about *The Grass is Singing* which besides being very well-written is an extremely mature psychological study. It is full of those terrifying touches of truth, seldom mentioned but instantly recognised. By any standards, this book shows remarkable power and imagination. As a first novel by a woman barely turned thirty, it excites great interest in her future.

The other two novels, Denys Craig's *Man in Ebony* and Averil Mackenzie-Grieve's *The Waterfall* are, I fear, far below the level of the first pair. *The Waterfall*, set in Borneo, which the author evidently knows well, begins promisingly but collapses after the first hundred pages. Miss Mackenzie-Grieve, after doing some very neat sketches of British Civil Servants, missionary priests and Malays and making her young District Officer convincing and likeable suddenly goes to pieces with two of her main characters. One is one of the most boring and pretentious females I have yet met in fiction. Julia is appallingly articulate at emotional moments.

> All these years I've been ashamed and afraid of the passion of that night. . . . You made a lovely, a natural symbol into something so vile and shameful that I've hated and loathed my body ever since . . . . You see I made Jim part of this life where there were no weaknesses, no deep emotions and, as long as he played his part in it according to my rules, it somehow made the make-believe real, reassuring . . . As long as we kept our companionship on a certain level above intimacy, above total surrender, I could be happy.

The other sawdust is Julia's ex-lover, a young Italian priest who turns into a Marie Corelli character before our eyes under the influence of this blighting lady. *The Waterfall* begins as a novel and ends as a psychological tract. It is a pity the author imposed such an artificial pattern on her material for she has considerable natural gifts as a writer.

Mr. Craig has got hold of a magnificent theme, the conflict of a young Negro who has become a Catholic priest with the pull of his old way of life and the primitive religion of his people. But the theme is only announced, never really developed. To do it justice, it would have to be presented by someone who knew as much about Catholicism as Mr. Craig appears to know about Ju-Juism. As he presents it, N'Ganté's Catholicism is so pale and bodiless that it has not a hope against the fruitiness of the Negro religion Mr. Craig describes with such affectionate gusto. He makes astonishing howlers about Catholic beliefs and practice; for all I know he makes some about Ju-Juism too. I cannot help wondering whether African sorceresses really talk as if they had read Ouspensky. The descriptions of African family life are, however, convincing and delightful.

ANTONIA WHITE

THE CITY STATES

Greek City States. By KATHLEEN FREEMAN. *MacDonald.* 15*s*.

It's a great pity that Miss Freeman hasn't written the book which her preface promises. Of the nine states which make her subject she writes:

> The reasons for choosing these nine out of hundreds is their diversity of origin, environment, size, way of life, destiny. . . . In ordinary histories of Greece we see these places only in glimpses, as they happen to impinge on the history of Athens and Sparta. I have attempted not only to tell their continuous story, but also to reconstruct their way of life, to recapture their peculiar flavour; to rebuild the streets and market-places of old Corinth and Cyrene and the rest, and set their citizens walking and talking until we see and hear them as vividly as, by the labours of scholars, we see and hear Socrates talking in the gymnasia or the Spartan boys enduring without a murmur their competitive floggings on the altar of Artemis. I have also attempted . . . to suggest the lesson for the modern world which is implicit in the rise and fall of these communities.

I've quoted this rather fully because it surely promises a book of great interest. We're surfeited with interpretations of the myths. But not even the Greeks lived by myth alone. They also just lived, and to-day many people acquainted with the Oedipus Complex couldn't tell you how a fifth-century Athenian spent his time; what sort of political constitution he had, or what were the thoughts, opinions, motives which kept him at peace or led him into war. Yet this subject is no less suggestive.

Miss Freeman, with her scholarship and enthusiasm, should be an illuminating guide. I hate to say that she isn't because this book is so respectable, so remote from shoddiness or vulgarity of any sort; besides, you all the time feel that she's trying to set her own imagination free. In her Conclusion, after suggesting that the city states destroyed themselves because they always pursued "immediate self-interest," she recommends imagination to us as the best antidote to self-destructive tendencies. How much more force this point would have had if Miss Freeman, in her accounts of the states, had been able to disengage her own imagination! The shackles of scholarship tether her. She never gets off the ground. She's defeated by the facts.

The phrase in her preface—"not only to tell their continuous story"—suggests that this failure is a lack of planning rather than a lack of capacity. Miss Freeman has felt obliged to put in every narrative detail, to leave out (at least, so it seems) almost no incident in the centuries of history of her chosen states; and so we get an absolutely flat narrative, in which, for instance, the later feuds and factions of Corinth are given just the same value as the part which she played in the Peloponnesian War. The straight line, the lack of gradation and perspective of light and shade, all crammed within narrow space-limits, sometimes produce an effect like reading Kings I and II.

Miss Freeman has lived too closely with her sources. For scholars there's a danger of over-rating the value of source-titbits and putting them down one after the other, for their own sake, without any explanatory use of the imagination. After all this is only a sort of scholars' reporting or journalism with the added disadvantage of being dead. A special correspondent with the Greek city states should, for the latter reason, be even more careful to deploy his imagination ("which alone understands the universal analogy") than one stationed in a modern capital city. Narrative apart, too many of Miss Freeman's descriptions betray neglect of this danger. For example:

> The Crathis had the reputation of being able to bleach the hair of those who bathed in it; Aristotle jotted this down in his notebook of "Strange Things Heard." Euripides, in his play *The Trojan Women*, makes the Chorus sing of "the fairest of rivers, Crathis, which imparts a golden sheen to the hair." Strabo says that those who bathe in the Crathis go blonde or even white-haired, and that its water had healing properties. Theophrastus thought that sheep and cattle, if they drank it, turned from black or red to white; and Pliny thought that it produced whiteness and softness of flesh as well as straight hair. . . .

And so on, for quite a long stretch.

I find this disappointing enough. But meanwhile what of Miss Freeman's promise to reconstruct a "way of life" and a "peculiar flavour"? She doesn't forget it. But she's hampered herself impossibly by the rigid completeness of her narrative. There's no elbow-room, and the hints, which cry out to be developed, have to remain hints. For instance, on page 95 Miss Freeman just begins to say something about rapacious Corinthian commercialism. But then on the same page she rushes back to history, and dull history at that, which can be read in a textbook. Battles and philosophers jostle each other in her paragraphs with the result that neither impresses sharply. Interesting points get mislaid because we have to hear about some intervention of Alexander the Great or of Caesar. If only Miss Freeman had concentrated her capable and stocked mind on such points! Her prose is plain and likeable, but I occasionally wondered, as before with English writers on Greek subjects, whether Thucydides isn't a questionable, rather

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harsh influence. "Antigonus himself, weeping, with bowed head, stood by, arousing pity in the beholders." That's better Greek than English.

GILES ROMILLY

ROYAL BLACKMAIL

The Mr. A Case (The Old Bailey Trial Series). Edited with a Foreword by C. E. BECHHOFER ROBERTS. *Jarrolds.* 16s.

With the exception of the Abdication I can recall no British news story as gratifying as the case of Mr. A. I am full of gratitude to Mr. Bechhofer Roberts, the able editor of this series, (who was unhappily killed in a motor smash some months ago), for recalling so vividly the *dramatis personæ* of this trial—Mr. Hobbs and Mr. Montagu Newton (characters Charles Dickens might well have invented), Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, Captain Arthur and the rest. Their photographs are presented here alongside those of the lawyers in the case—a juxtaposition that recalls the old wisecrack: "You can tell the lawyers by their wigs."

Has there ever been a more successful plot? The conspirators actually got two cheques each for £150,000 by way of blackmail for a single amorous escapade. One of these cheques was successfully cashed, and it was not until several years later that the matter came into court because Mr. Robinson, the wronged husband of the lady found in bed with Mr. A, discovered that the trifle of £21,000 he had received was a fraction of the huge sum disgorged by Mr. A. He thereupon sued the Midland Bank for having negligently paid this sum of money, not to him, but to Mr. Hobbs, that most fascinating of crooks. The delicious details of this fantastic business were skilfully uncovered by Lord (then Sir John) Simon on behalf of the bank. The picture of this Eastern potentate leaping out of bed in order feverishly to sign cheques made out for "£150,000 *only*" in order to appease Mr. Montagu Newton (masquerading as Mr. Robinson) was sufficiently enjoyable in itself. Sir John Simon could never have told the story to the court if Mr. Newton had not accepted the honorarium of £3,000 from the bank as a price for running the considerable risk of criminal prosecution himself by coming to England to give evidence. The question then arose whether Mr. Robinson had himself agreed to be impersonated by Mr. Newton on the ground that the latter looked more like an outraged Society husband and less like a butcher than he did. In the event both Mr. and Mrs. Robinson were acquitted of complicity in the conspiracy.

The fun was greatly enhanced by the incidental details. I remember the excitement when Sir John found that the evidence included a point of so delicate a character that it had to be written on paper and passed to the judge, counsel and jury. Secrecy, however, proved impossible, and a bewildered jury had to have it explained to them by expert anthropological witnesses that there may be a peculiar appropriateness in presenting a golden razor to a lady who has embarked on an affair of honour with an Eastern potentate. Nor did the effort at secrecy succeed better in the case of Mr. A himself. American journalists, less nice-minded than their British counterparts, revealed that Mr. A was the heir to the throne of Kashmir. His title to-day is still Lieutenant-General His Highness Shri Maharajah Hari Singh Bahadur, Indar-Mahindar, Sipar-i-Saltanat-i-Inglishia, G.C.S.I., G.C.V.O., G.C.I.E., Maharajah of Jammu and Kashmir.

The unspoken battle between counsel and judge makes another intriguing aspect of this case. As a judge, Lord Darling had already, as Mr. Bechhofer Roberts recalls, called much amused attention to himself in the Pemberton-Billing "Black Book" case. In the Mr. A case he was less absurd but scarcely more judicial. His constant efforts to amuse the court by witticisms that were both feeble and irrelevant, clearly drove both the defending and prosecuting counsel to an exasperation with difficulty compatible with the normal rules of respect for the Bench. It is easy, reading through this case, to understand why the legal profession still holds one of the best of all retorts to have been that of a counsel who replied to Mr. Justice Darling's facetious question: "Who is Mr. Robey?" "They call him the Darling of the halls, my Lord." In the case of Mr. A Mr. Justice Darling's summary, with which this book necessarily ends, may have been legally sound, but as a statement it suffers from almost every vice, being diffuse and badly arranged as well as facetious. The honours of the case were shared between Sir John Simon, who did not miss a single trick, and Mr. Montagu Newton, whose effrontery and cynicism can scarcely have ever been equalled in the witness box. One would like to have known more of Captain Arthur, who was chosen as A.D.C. for Mr. A, apparently by the Foreign Office, and who did not appear in person in this trial, though by universal consent he was the least savoury rascal of the lot. He seems to have escaped with a mere year's imprisonment in France.

In general, the Mr. A case stands as a perfect example of private scandal. It had, however, a serious side that did not wholly escape notice when Mr. A's identity was disclosed. Was it not a political scandal that this prince, having a good time in Europe, should be in a position to throw away cheques to the value of £300,000, presumably extorted in one way or another from some of the poorest peasants in the world? In retrospect it is clear that it would have been better if the British Press had been more outspoken and if this scandal had been allowed to have its revolutionary impact in Kashmir. For it was the same Sir Hari Singh who, after twenty years of oppression and misrule, in 1947 could not make up his mind about the future of his State. In 1947, he was free to choose between India and Pakistan. If he had been man enough to do so there would have been no Kashmir war to-day.

TOM PAINE

THE PROOF OF EXPERIENCE

The Kon-Tiki Expedition. By THOR HEYERDAHL. *Allen and Unwin.* 12s. 6d.

On April 28, 1947, five Norwegians and one Swede set out in an open raft to sail from Peru to Polynesia. A hundred days later they were wrecked on the reef of a small island east of Tahiti, but escaped ashore, having travelled over four thousand miles. Mr. Heyerdahl's account of the voyage, admirably translated by Mr. F. H. Lyon, is the most fascinating description of intelligent courage that I have read.

It was the author's idea originally. From observations of Polynesian culture in an area stretching from "Hawaii in the North to New Zealand in the South, from Samoa in the West to Easter Island in the East," he began to formulate the theory that the original Polynesians came by sea from South America between A.D. 500 and 1100. Further study in Peru seemed to confirm his theory, and he went gaily to ethnographical friends in New York with his MS. Their answer was devastatingly simple.

> "They couldn't get there. They had no boats."
> "They had rafts," I objected hesitatingly, "you know, balsa-wood rafts." The old man smiled and said quietly: "Well, you can try a trip from Peru to the Pacific islands on a balsa-wood raft."

So Mr. Heyerdahl did.

The 45-foot raft was copied faithfully from records left by the first Europeans to reach the Pacific coast of South America; no metal was used in its construction, since the early Polynesians were a stone age people, and the great balsa logs were lashed together with hemp rope. The stores and navigational equipment were modern—American pill-foods, water cans, wireless, a sextant, a small compass. But the author shows that there is no reason why their forerunners should have died through starvation or thirst on the voyage—they could catch all the fish they

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needed, and, if supplies of fresh water gave out, could chew moisture from raw fish—while the navigational aids were only of academic interest, since the crew could not alter the course of the raft, which drifted westwards with wind and current. Everyone was very helpful, but all the seamen who were approached took the view that if they wanted to commit suicide they could recommend more pleasant methods.

The description of the voyage opens up a new, busy world, full of inquisitive life—the world of the ocean. For a hundred days the raft became part of this world—dolphins snapped at their little rubber dinghy, mistaking it for a turtle, pilot fish, used to attaching themselves to a shark, joined the raft *Kon-Tiki*, when their lord and master was killed. Like cows, the citizens of the deep came round to have a look at this strange new neighbour. At night squids stared at them "with their devilish green eyes, shining in the dark like phosphorous." One day they were visited by a whale shark, which was longer than the *Kon-Tiki*.

> Knut had been squatting there, washing his pants in the swell, and when he looked up for a moment he was staring straight into the biggest and ugliest face any of us had ever seen . . . The head was broad and flat like a frog's, with two small eyes right at the sides, and a toadlike jaw which was 4 or 5 ft. wide and had long fringes hanging drooping from the corners of the mouth . . . The monster came quietly, lazily swimming after us from astern. It grinned like a bulldog and lashed gently with its tail . . .

And then there was the snake mackerel which landed on Torstein's sleeping-bag one night—they were the first men ever to see one alive—or the sharks which, in high seas, towered above the *Kon-Tiki* when it lay in the trough of a wave, and seemed to be swimming towards them as in a glass-case. At night they armed themselves with knives against the octopus who, they had been warned by the National Geographical Society in Washington, could stretch out its arms from the sea and explore every part of the raft.

There were times when I wanted to hear something about the relations of these men, cooped up aboard their raft, far from all hope of rescue. (No wonder they found their little bamboo cabin cosy!) Did they ever quarrel? But for the rest, there can be nothing but praise. Whatever happens to his theory, Mr. Heyerdahl has given us a book which, with its direct narrative style and its avoidance of overwriting, is worth treasuring.

R. C. WRIGHT

Moliere. A New Criticism. By W. G. MOORE.
Oxford University Press. 8*s.* 6*d.*

French critics have long tended to shift emphasis from Moliere the moralist and Molière the man to Molière the playwright; but—apart from Mr Turnell's *The Classical Moment*—English criticism of Molière has been trudging happily along nineteenth-century roads. Mr. Moore may have set out to do little more than survey the opinions of recent French critics of Molière and suggest grounds for a new interpretation; but he has drawn the attention of English readers to the comic aspects which so often escape them. Molière's characters, generally speaking, are not witty; the comedy is not on the surface—as in much Restoration comedy and in Oscar Wilde—but in the conflict between the *personae* assumed voluntarily or involuntarily by the main characters and their *natural* counterparts. Nature may be embodied either in their own discordant impulses—the lechery of Tartufe, the love of Alceste for Célimène—or in the minor characters. Mr. Moore explains Molière's comic effects in various ways; partly in terms of Bergson's distinction between the automatic and the spontaneous components of behaviour, partly in terms of "the relationship between mask and face." Actual masks were used in a number of Molière's early productions, but he later discarded these physical accessories together with the slapstick and crude farce taken over from his predecessors: his principal characters became so wrapped up in their respective obsessions that words and mime sufficed to convey their unreality. Above all, Mr. Moore has made it impossible to define Molière's moral intentions in glib platitudes; we do not and cannot know with which of his characters, if any, he sympathised. Nor, Mr. Moore points out, can we identify Molière with the *raisonneur*—the spokesman of common sense—so conveniently provided in most of his plays; the function of the *raisonneur* may well be a purely dramatic one, that of creating contrast. Molière was an actor-manager, not a lay preacher. "Is it not more likely that the standpoint of any play is that of the playgoer rather than that of the author?" Mr. Moore asks, and goes on: "A comedian is not out to air his views but to please the public. He exhibits as funny what the audience will be expected to find funny. Of all dramatists the comic writer must be the most anonymous and impenetrable behind his creation."

The Psychoanalytic Study of the Child. VOLS. III IV.
Imago Publishing Company. 35*s.*

Psychoanalysis is simultaneously a coherent theory about human behaviour and motivation, and a specialised technique of therapy for remedying neurotic or psychotic disabilities in individuals. As a therapeutic technique for treating adults it has the inevitable disadvantages of slowness and great expense; for, according to the theory, the maladaptive responses of adulthood derive from forgotten experiences of infancy or early childhood, and the recovery of these forgotten experiences is slow and arduous. Therapy would be both easier and more effective if the neuroses could be caught, so to speak, *in statu ascendi*; the one hope of making the insights of psychoanalysis useful to the whole of society, instead of to a few fortunately circumstanced individuals, lies in the analysis of children. From the theoretical point of view, the analytic observation of children's behaviour is equally important. Freud had to reconstruct the vicissitudes of childhood from the distorted reminiscences of his adult patients; the observation of these vicissitudes is preferable in every way. The annual series of volumes of *The Psychoanalytic Study of the Child* represents one of the most important contemporary developments of psychoanalysis; it must be invaluable to all specialists on the subject, whether psychiatrists, educators or pediatricians. They are an Anglo-American production, one of the editors, Anna Freud, now being English, and the other two, Ernst Kris and Heinz Hartman, American. The twenty-five articles in the number under review are divided approximately equally among contributors from both countries. The general approach is what is often called "Orthodox Freudian"; that is to say that it takes into consideration and builds on the whole of Freud's work, rather than on some single aspect of it, as tends to be the case with the different "schools" of psychoanalysis. This present volume however is free of heresy hunting, and the contributors seem more willing to accept the findings of Melanie Klein and her school than were those in the earlier numbers. The clinical papers in this volume are naturally highly specialised; but the theoretical papers, especially the group of papers (by Kris and Hartmann, Ann Freud and Beta Rank) on the theory of aggression constitute a major development in psychoanalytic theory. It would be desirable if they could be reprinted in a more generally available form.

Annuals. By ROY HAY. *Bodley Head.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This is a revised edition of a book first published in 1937. Most amateur gardeners grow annuals, but we believe that a majority of them would confess that they do not find it nearly so easy a matter as the seed merchants and gardening books would lead one to believe. If you have no greenhouse, you will probably have to forgo the half-hardy annuals, though it is surprising how many of these can be reared by sowing at a favourable time in the open ground. If you sow in the open ground, there is the troublesome problem of where. They are not at their best cheek by jowl in beds reserved for annuals, though that is probably the easiest way to grow them. Many of them are fine in the mixed border, but how many of us have sown our patches of annuals there and never seen a sign of them afterwards. Indeed the amount of time and trouble that annuals exact from one is such that we know experienced amateurs who have cut them out altogether or reduced their number to some beloved race of pansy or zinnia. Mr. Hay is an expert and his book should bring aid and comfort to many, whether experienced or inexperienced. There is a good chapter on cultivation generally, but the best part of the book is Part II, which deals alphabetically with a truly amazing number of annuals. There must be few gardeners who will not find here something to grow which they have never grown before and perhaps never heard of.

Northumberland. By HERBERT HONEYMAN.
Robert Hale. 15*s.*

There are two Northumberlands—the industrialised area of "Coaly Tyne" and the varied agricultural country and moorland which makes up the rest of the county. Together they have been forged "between the hammer and the anvil" of Scotland and England. Different as they are in appearance and in character, they are united in their history. Mr. Honeyman has chosen to write his County Book very largely about this historical side of things. More than half of it is devoted to a rather disjointed but entertaining history, full of archæological evidence and information, and often only very tenuously connected with Northumberland. It is from the author's wide knowledge of the archæology of the county that the book derives its chief interest. But in devoting so much of his available space to history he has set himself an impossible task over the rest. He has to race round the county in sixty pages of topographical description, only pausing to examine relics of the past or to pursue some obscure place name. He has no time to dwell on the natural beauties of one of the most varied and lovely of all the counties. He quotes Disraeli's description of "the vast and purple moors that divide the Kingdoms of Great Britain," but passes them by almost unnoticed. The Northumbrians themselves only get eighteen pages; arts, letters and sports share another fourteen; trade and industry eleven; flora and fauna a meagre seven. He scampers so inconsequently over all these matters, many of which touch the heart and soul of the county, that it would be captious to stress omissions.

Ill Met by Moonlight. By W. STANLEY MOSS.
Harrap. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Though the chief actors were heavily armed with close-combat weapons—coshes, knives and Marlin guns—this private operation of war which accomplished the kidnapping of General Karl Kreipe, commanding the 22nd P. G. Division in Crete, was quite a cultured affair. The library which Captain Moss took with him to while away the hours of waiting included, "in lighter vein," *Les Fleurs du Mal* and *Les Yeux d'Elsa*; and his C.O. in the abduction exploit entertained their humiliated captive "by exchanging verses from Sophocles." All of which goes to show that the Baker Street Boys were not the ragamuffins on whom Sherlock Holmes relied. The author does not reveal on what level this particular escapade was sanctioned. His party did what they could to persuade the Germans that local partisans were not engaged; but the grave considerations involved—the risk of wholesale reprisals, and the use of enemy uniform in breach of the Geneva Convention—are treated by Captain Moss in his diary with boyish Carthusian insouciance: the protests from the Cretan headquarters of E.L.A.S. are dismissed as "Communist" treachery, and the General (who was, in fact, 48 years of age) is throughout an "old man" who needed a mule for transport but turned out to be "Quite a likeable chap, old boy." How far did the abduction shake the morale of the German garrison? Against the gigantic background of the war in 1944, this episode might be dismissed as insignificant but for the cool courage and sheer audacity of the participants. Richard Hannay had his successors—in real life.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

Concertos. BRAHMS: Violin Concerto, Op. 77 (Menuhin/Lucerne Festival Orch/Furtwängler. DB21000-3 and DBS210004). Despite a really solid, resonant recording, this set seems to me inferior to that of Ossy Renardy (Decca). Menuhin's handling of the solo is phlegmatic and lacks refinement of feeling; in the cadenza (by Kreisler) he emphasises the abuse of double and triple stopping. The orchestral playing is indiscreetly heavy, the opening of the Andante very lumpy, and the timpani are too near. Finally, Furtwängler's conduct of the first movement gives no sense of going forward and the whole movement seems even longer than it is. BACH: Brandenburg No. 3, G major (Copenhagen Chamber Orch/Wöldike. C3947-8). A rational performance, with full string tone and an excellent balance. On side 4 is the Saraband from Partita No. 1 in B flat major, played in good style by Liselotte Selbiger (harpsichord). CHOPIN: Andante Spianato and Polonaise Brillante, Op. 22; Waltz, E flat major, Op. 18 (Arrau/Little Orchestra Society/Scherman. LX1267-8). The Polonaise (with orchestra) was written first, the Andante added afterwards. Chopin later dropped the orchestral part, which, save for a couple of perfunctory tuttis, does little but put in an occasional superfluous word edgeways. Arrau plays the Polonaise very beautifully indeed (the rhythm of the Andante might with advantage have been smoother); but the discs have a heavy surface and the recording is decidedly tinny. The Waltz is rather inelegantly played: I prefer Brailowsky's record of this not very interesting piece.

Miscellaneous Orchestral. SCHOENBERG: *Verklärte Nacht*, Op. 4 (St. Louis Sym Orch/Golschmann. Auto. only. DB9280-3). This work is in fact a piece of programme music and follows all too closely the phases of a sentimental poem by Richard Dehmel. This consists of a moonlit colloquy between two lovers, in which the woman confesses to being with child by another man. Both poem and music are saturated in the heaviest post-Wagnerian romanticism, and despite some beautiful moments the effect of the work as a whole is sickly in the extreme. The elaborate polyphonic writing sounds better and clearer in the version for string orchestra than it does in the original sextet form; but the recorded tone leaves much to be desired and the climaxes are definitely unpleasant. STRAUSS: *Don Juan*, Op. 20 (Boston Sym Orch/Koussevitzky. DB6928-9). A magnificently vital performance, which betrays only here and there, and very slightly, the drawbacks of American recording methods. In my view this is the best set now available. BEETHOVEN: Overture—*Leonora No. 1* (L.P.O./Van Beinum. X311). Not one of Van Beinum's most successful records. There is some lack of vividness and the string tone is inferior to that of the Toscanini disc, which was one of his best English recordings and still sounds very well. DVORAK: *Carneval* Overture, Op. 92 (Czech Phil./Kubelik. C3959). A very well made record, comfortable to listen to, even in the rowdiest sections. Good as was the L.P.O./Kleiber version (Decca), this one has the advantages of better woodwind detail and an even more obvious general authenticity. CHABRIER: *Fête Polonaise* (from *Le Roi malgré lui*) (Orch Stabile Fiorentina/Markevitch. R30010). This rollicking piece, in Chabrier's most extravert style, receives a good performance; if the recording is somewhat dry and un-stereophonic, it does not seem to me to deserve the anathemas pronounced upon it in some quarters. (Although noticed here for obvious reasons, this disc belongs to the CETRA Supplement, for the rest of which see under Vocal issues.) DELIUS: *On Hearing the First Cuckoo* (Liv. Phil./Sargent. DX1643). It is essential that the thick harmonic tissue of this piece be kept as light as possible—a requirement not fulfilled here. The tone is good, but the orchestra sounds far too weighty. Recent Beecham disc preferred.

Chamber Music and Piano. BEETHOVEN: Septet, Op. 20 (Members of the Vienna Octet. AX306-10). The reputation of this work has suffered from (a) the composer's own contempt for it, in later years, and (b) its obvious resemblance, and inferiority, to Schubert's Octet. From this mellifluous and admirably studied performance it would seem that Beethoven's view was a jaundiced one. The Septet is not a profound work, but it is full of delightful tunes; the material is well worked and various enough to justify the length. The recording is well balanced, and if the horn and bassoon at times sound a bit hollow, the general impression is extremely agreeable. BRAHMS: String Quartet, B flat major Op 67 (Busch Qt. LX1262-5 and LXS1266). Although in no sense one of Brahms's most endearing pieces and the least interesting of his three string quartets, this work has a good right to be in the recorded repertory. (Why, incidentally, has the C minor Quartet, Op. 51, No. 1, been absent from it for so long?). Unfortunately, this performance, though well recorded, is rather feeble. There is nothing wrong with the tempi or the general interpretation; but the tone is unsteady and that of Adolf Busch himself disagreeably thin. Neither here nor in the matter of synchronism is this quartet any longer up to the standard of the best modern ensembles. CHOPIN: *Bolero*, Op. 19 (Kentner. DX1640). When pianists begin taking up the *Bolero*, it is a sign that competition over Chopin's other works is getting particularly hot. None of his pieces (except perhaps the *Allegro de Concert* and the early sets of Variations) has been so consistently ignored as the *Bolero*. The fact is not altogether surprising, for, despite some charming invention and Chopin's usual miraculous writing, the material is thin and the piece as a whole outstays its welcome; but we must be grateful to Louis Kentner, not only for letting us hear this curiosity, but for playing it in such beautiful style. The recording too is excellent. CHOPIN: Prelude, C sharp minor, Op. 45; Nocturne, E flat major, Op. 9, No. 2 (Cortot. DB21018). Why is the isolated Prelude, Op. 45, almost as seldom played as the *Bolero*? Not, certainly, for the same reasons. Perhaps because, for all its great poetic beauty, a dark and chilly remoteness in its cloudy sequences repels many listeners. Cortot pedals the piece too heavily, otherwise his performance recaptures much of the distinction of his art in its prime. No other record of the piece is available: Koczalsky's disc vanished long ago. In the E flat Nocturne Cortot's rubato is excessive and the left hand rhythm very unsteady. The result is sentimental. Readers are, however, strongly recommended to buy the disc for the Prelude alone. The recording is of the highest standard. BERKELEY: Six Preludes for Piano (Colin Horsley. C3940). A record which can hardly fail to enhance the reputation both of composer and of pianist. These short Preludes are very varied in mood, sometimes thoughtful and lyrical, at others amounting to studies in pianistic brilliance. They are conspicuously well written and the performance is authoritative. There is a little over-loading in the third Prelude, but this is not serious and the tone is on the whole very good. BARTOK: "For Children." 14 Pieces for Piano. 3 Rumanian Christmas Carols (Gerald Moore. B9882-3). The 85 Children's Pieces were composed 1908-10, the Carols in 1915. Although intentionally easy to play, they are delightfully whimsical and full of fetching tunes in the nursery-rhyme style. Gerald Moore has made a judicious selection among these tiny pieces and plays them to admiration. These beautifully recorded discs should appeal to people of all ages.

Vocal. MASSENET: *Manon*—"Je ne suis que faiblesse." MOZART: *Figaro*—"Porgi amor" (Victoria de Los Angeles. DB6994). Outstanding singer though she is, Victoria de Los Angeles does not seem to me a true soprano. In the aria from *Manon* she succeeds by sheer artistry, but even here the tessitura strikes me as uncomfortably high for her. In "Porgi amor," again, one is charmed by the wonderfully expressive manner, rather than by any ease in the singer's management of the more florid passages. But do not miss this record: it has many moments of rare beauty. WAGNER: *Die Meistersinger*—Chorales, Acts I and III (Vienna State Opera Chorus/Vienna Phil/Karajan. LX 1258). The first of these chorales is particularly well recorded: the singers at just the right distance and the solo cello (it represents the hero yearning at Eva from behind a pillar in the church) more audible and expressive than it usually is in the opera house. In the great chorale from Act III something seems to have gone wrong: the chorus sounds feeble and far away. And was it not a mistake to break off quite so short? A few more bars and we should have come to rest easily on a single E. Nevertheless this is a respectable issue. WAGNER: *Die Meistersinger*—"Gut'n Abend, Meister!" (Act II) (Maria Reining/Paul Schoeffler. X312). It is many

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years since I heard this duet so charmingly sung, with such restrained yet beautiful tone. It is a pity that we do not hear nearly enough of the orchestra in this record. MOZART: *Don Giovanni*—"Dalla sua pace" and "Il mio tesoro" (Walter Ludwig. LX1260). Greatly inferior to Tauber's record (Parl) of the same two arias. Elsewhere Walter Ludwig has shown us that he has considerable qualities, but in "Dalla sua pace" he attacks almost every note from below, with lamentable effect. "Il mio tesoro" is equally lacking in lyrical suavity, and the divisions are far from tidy. VERDI: *La Forza del Destino*—"Madre, pietosa vergine" (Joan Hammond. DB21019). Miss Hammond makes a good deal of this superbly moving scena—except when she allows her voice to "spread" on a loud or high note. The balance of solo, chorus and orchestra is skilfully managed. On the whole I recommend this disc, for no other recording of the scena is at present available. GRIEG: *Heart Wounds: Thanks for thy Counsel: A Dream* (Flagstad. DB21020). *Heart Wounds* is the original form of the Elegiac Melody No. 1 for strings. As a song it is almost too long drawn out. Needless to say, Mme Flagstad sings it with true feeling and glorious tone. Her delivery of the first line of *Thanks for thy Counsel* is a lesson in vocal interpretation. If only she would stick to a piano accompaniment in songs of this kind! Both recording and orchestra sound disagreeably inflated. SCHUBERT: *Der du von dem Himmel bist; Uben allen Gipfeln ist Ruh!; Am Bach im Frühling* (Hans Hotter. LX1261). This record is a good example of Hans Hotter's ability to temper his operatic style to the requirements of a song. The lovely *Am Bach im Frühling*, so seldom performed, is a complete success. The other two songs suffer from being transposed down. The result is rather too gloomy; but even so the singer's delicacy of phrasing gives pleasure. The recording is excellent. SCHUMANN: Romanze—*Flutenreicher Ebro; Der Hidalgo* (Heinrich Schlusnus. X313). No amateur of Lieder can afford to miss this record. The songs themselves are enchanting—especially the first, with its flowing accompaniment from which issue little comments in imitation of the voice part. Heinrich Schlusnus's voice is perhaps rather heavy for this type of song; but he sings, and Sebastian Peschko plays, with so much art that the total effect is memorable. The piano tone is not quite of the best, otherwise the recording is serviceable.

Cetra Parlophone Supplement. BIZET: *Carmen*—Seguidilla and Card Song (Gianna Pederzini. R30001). GLUCK: *Alceste*—"Divinita infernale"; *Orfeo*—"Che faro" (Ebe Stignani. R30002). CILEA: *Adriana Lecouvreur*—"O vagabonda"; GIORDANO: *Fedora*—"O grandi occhi" (Chloe Elmo. R30003). ROSSINI: *William Tell*—"Selva opaca"; VERDI: *Falstaff*—Titania's Song (Lina Pagliughi. R30004). *Catalani; La Wally*—"Ebben? ne andro lontano." BOITO: *Mefistofele*—"L'altra notte" (Onelia Fineschi. /R30005). GIORDANO: *Fedora*—"Mia madre" (Galliano Masini. R30006). BOITO: *Mefistofele*—"Son lo spirito che nega"; VERDI: *I Vespri Siciliani*—"O tu, Palermo" (Cesare Siepi. R30007). VERDI: *Nabucco*—"Va pensiero"; *I Lombardi*—"O signore" (E.I.A.R. Chorus and Orch. R30008). Here are the first of what we may hope will be a continuous series of British pressings chosen from the Italian CETRA catalogue. It cannot, however, be said that most of the singing and recording on the above discs reaches a high standard. The trouble with these singers (especially the men) is that they appear to recognise no dynamic marking below mezzo-forte. Cesare Siepi, for instance, has a rich bass, but its unsteadiness and rather coarse fibre are aggravated by a tendency to bellow. Galliano Masini, again, has a fine tenor; but his idea of a dramatic style is to burden the music with hysterical sobbing and other violent outbursts. The result cannot be heard without embarrassment. The best records here are those of Chloe Elmo, Lina Pagliughi, Ebe Stignani, and the E.I.A.R. Chorus, although in the first of these Mme Elmo goes badly flat on the high A at the climax of the *Fedora* aria, thus yielding the palm to a recent recording by Ebe Stignani (LX1253, where the aria is coupled with "Stella del marinar" from *La Gioconda*). I cannot, however, recommend Mme Stignani's "Che faro," which is sung with about as much expression as one would expect from a recital of the telephone directory. Mme Pederzini has some magnificent chest notes. Her *Seguidilla* strikes me as unseductive; but she may easily be a more remarkable singer than this record suggests.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,050

Set by J. B. Roderic

The usual prizes will be given for a rhyming dialogue of not more than 20 lines between a Taxpayer and the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Entries by April 11th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,047

Set by Gerald Giradot

Competitors are invited to comment on the differences between the French and English temperaments in six rhymed couplets; *at least half of every other line must be in French.*

Report by Gerald Giradot

Very disappointing entries, which were poor both in quality and quantity. Many competitors made the fatal mistake of trying to rhyme French and English words in a way which produced deplorable phonetic results. The French had by far the best of the argument, although they were seldom allowed out of the kitchen or boudoir. In fact, all the poor English could put up against *l'amour* and *la cuisine* was cricket and a morbid attachment to watery cabbage. The unkindest (and, perhaps, most deserved) attacks were directed at the Englishwoman's taste in dress, of which C. S. Cook writes: "Of English clothes I scarce dare speak, They lack *le ton, ne sont pas chic,*" while Mrs. Finlayson asserts that: "In well-worn tweeds we feel secure, *Mais pour Madame la haute couture.*" Many competitors started with great zest, but their couplets tailed off sadly. "Pithecus," for example, wrote an amusing dialogue between an Englishman and a Frenchman but fell at the last fence. R. J. P. Hewison provided the best entry but loses a prize for not keeping to the rule that at least half of every other line must be in French. Two guineas to L. E. J.; one guinea each to Edward Blishen, Guy Innes, V. Bulkley and Isabel Finlayson.

The Englishman is hesitant: "I mean, that is, you see,"
The Frenchman thumps his chest and cries: "*C'est moi qui vous le dis.*"
The Englishman, at table, thinks boiled cabbage fit for food;
But "*le bon Dieu dans l'estomac*" is good French for something good.
The English kick their leaders out with grins and a "Good-byee!"
The French shout "*à la Lanterne,*" "*Assassins,*" "*nous sommes trahis.*"
The English sceptic's thoughts are free, his words are held in leash;
The French exclaims "*Ce vieux Bon Dieu m'embête, et je m'en fiche.*"
The English pair for love, whereas a Frenchman pairs for life,
"*Enfin, je vais me ranger*" (but he has no word for "wife.")
Our "*savoir-faire,*" their "*savoir-vivre,*" must celebrate, of course,
A "*mariage de convenance,*" *car l'union fait la force.*

L. E. J.

The English love, but do not eat, their dogs:
Les Français mangent, mais n'adorent pas, their frogs
With timorous decency the English woo:
Il faut se taire about what Frenchmen do.
The English feed upon the watery green:
Whereas the French *sont fiers de leur cuisine.*
The English strive to seem unstained by zest:
Whereas the French *sont fameux pour le geste.*
Strict abstinence from thought the English cherish
Le Français dit: "Je penserai or perish!"
A morbid love of Art the English bar:
Whereas the French *ne vivent que pour leur Art.*

EDWARD BLISHEN

Who boasts he *never* boasts? John Bull!
Le Français vante sa belle poule.
True Britons their retreats extol;
Les Français, La Victoire! C'est drôle?
The House of Commons? *Comme il faut!*
La Chambre? Que c'est rigolo!
How calm the Bobby! How seraphic!
Voyez le Flic parmi le trafic!
John fancies cabbage drowned and green;
Jean, il demande la bonne cuisine.
Women? Queen Bess deserves remark;
Mais France? Ah, c'était Jeanne d'Arc!

GUY INNES

Shopkeepers we, as you have said: but you
Have ever "*la nostalgie de la boue*":
We call on God: and tartly you aver
"*Les gros bataillons*" have his special care,
While when our small bank balances we damn,
You simply shrug and say "*Cherchez la femme,*"
Or if we stare at Gussie's *lace* "*dessous*"
You gaily murmur, "*Chacun à son gout.*"
No Englishman desires to look a fool
But "*du sublime*" may lead "*au ridicule*":
Even our Government it might avail
To learn from Talleyrand, "*Pas trop de zèle!*"

VIVIEN BULKLEY

In well-worn tweeds we feel secure;
Mais pour Madame la haute couture.
Our anthem's fit for "Songs of Praise;"
(So secular, *la Marseillaise!*)
While jokes by English funny men
Don't grace *La Vie Parisienne.*
Westminster weighs the ayes and noes;
Mais plus ça change c'est la même chose.
I'm fond of my old dutch, I am;
In French affairs, *cherchez la femme.*
Perfide Albion!—Froggie, old pal,
Shake hands—*Vive l'entente cordiale!*

ISABEL FINLAYSON

Let us, *mes chers,* distinguish if we can
Le bon français from God's own Englishman.
The former *en famille* is at his best:
Bon sens, bon goût, bien être afford the test.
His civic sense lacks a *je ne sais quoi,*
The defect of his *liberté chez soi.*
Your *anglais, au contraire,* at home so *triste,*
En citoyen's correct, if *dirigiste;*
Bon amateur, though as a lover feeble,
John shines at what Jean calls *l'art du possible.*

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French *savoir-vivre* or English *savoir-faire*—
Qu'importe? Alike we find *la vie est chère.*

R. J. P. HEWISON

Only for France you Frenchmen care.
Mais nous vous croyons insulaires.
We think you giddy and too gay.
Pour nous, vous avez l'air bébé.
You think of nothing but *l'Amour.*
Vous l'avez mal compris toujours.
You're fickle too, and indiscreet.
Et vous? Rusés et hypocrites.
You change your Ministries each week,
Vous n'aimez pas la politique,
And vacillate from day to day.
L'anglais n'est sérieux jamais.

PITHECUS

CHESS: Ladies Astray

No. 30

It's being so fleetfooted that makes the Q so powerful a weapon and yet, so easy a prey to temptation. Like a spirited thoroughbred or a supercharged engine she wants careful handling; she may well rise to glorious triumph or come a cropper, more awfully and more speedily than any of her less highly-strung colleagues. Queens (on the chessboard) have been led astray as early as this:

(1) P-K4	P-K3	(3) P-K5	Q-B4?
(2) P-Q4	Q-B3?	(4) B-Q3	resigns

A duffer's lapse, no doubt. But even great masters are not immune. Here is how Spielmann (at Moscow, 1935), sent his Q astray quite early in his game against Botvinnik.

(1) P-QB4	P-QB3	(7) P x P	QxKtP?
(2) P-K4	P-Q4	(8) R-B1	Kt-QKt5
(3) KP x P	BP x P	(9) Kt-R4	Q x RP
(4) P-Q4	Kt-KB3	(10) B-QB4	B-Kt5
(5) Kt-QB3	Kt-QB3	(11) Kt-KB3	resigns
(6) B-Kt5	Q-Kt3		

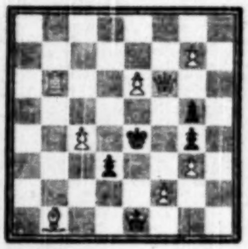
Quoted in Kurt Richter's excellent book *Kurzgeschichten um Schachfiguren* is this neat example of a Q tempted by a fatal chimera. (Walterling-Hanssen, 1930).

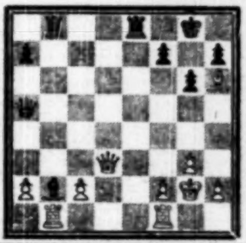
(1) P-K4	P-QB4	(6) P-K5	Kt-Q4
(2) Kt-KB3	P-K3	(7) Q-Kt4	P-KKt3
(3) P-Q4	P x P	(8) P-QR3	Q-R4?
(4) Kt x P	Kt-KB3	(9) P x B	Q x R
(5) Kt-B3	B-QKt5	(10) Kt-Kt3	resigns

Speaking of Queen-catches, I have yet to see one neater than this. (Quabeck-Heuäcker, Frankfurt 1939.)

(1) P-KB4	Kt-KB3	(7) Q-R4 ch?	B-Q2
(2) P-QB4	P-Q4	(8) Q-Kt3	B-K3
(3) P x P	Kt x P	(9) Q-R4 ch	P-Kt4!
(4) P-Q3	P-K4!	(10) Q x P ch	B-Q2
(5) P x KP	B-Kt5 ch	(11) Q-Kt7	B-B3
(6) B-Q2	Kt-K6!	(12) resigns	

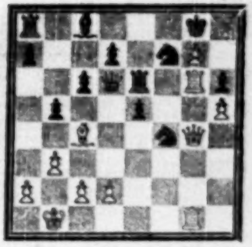
For our competition, this week, it seems only fitting to show Her Majesty facing triumph as well as disaster. Here is a problem, simple but neat, by C. C. Moore (first published in "Chess" 1937). White to move and mate in two.





This position—Rada-Kostal—happened in Prague, 1942. White forced his opponent's resignation in a matter of three moves. How?

Here finally — in a "skittle" played by R. Teichmann in Zürich, 1921—is a case of the master's Q "going astray" to a perfect purpose. White won very forcibly and elegantly. How?



Usual prizes. Entries by April 10.

REPORT ON COMPETITION No. 25

(Set on March 11)

A: (1) R-Q8ch. (2) K-R2, R(B)-B8. (3) B-B4, R-R8ch. (4) K-Kt3, R-R6ch. (5) P x R, R-Kt8ch. (6) K-R2, R-R8ch. (7) K-Kt3, R x P mate.
B: (1) B-R3, K-Q2. (2) Kt-Kt4, Kt-QKt2. (3) Kt-Q4, Kt-QB4. (4) Kt x Kt, Kt x Kt. (5) Kt-KB7 etc. (If 2) Kt-B3ch. (3) K x P, K-Q3. (4) Kt-B7ch, K-Q4. (5) B-Kt2 mate.

My use of the term "ping-pong," resented by some correspondents, implied no disrespect for table tennis, which, next to chess, is my favourite game. How could I ever forget my glorious triumph over Reshevski as well as the, then, reigning table-tennis champion of Czechoslovakia. I forget his name, but I think he was runner-up for the world championship too. Even so, I could easily give him the odds of a Knight. Reshevski was a tougher proposition. He took me to 21 : 19 in the third set. To both of us (and to other chess players) it seemed a magnificent match. Only a table-tennis player might have called our performance "ping-pong" after all.

To revert to our competition: correct solutions by J. H. Beaty, K. Beaumont, E. W. Carmichael, D. Finburg, A. J. Head, M. Kaye, J. M. Reid, M. Rumney, R. A. Slade. With little to choose between much sound analysis and shrewd comment, prizes are shared by E. Adam, A. Altschul, N. A. Perkins, merely because they haven't scored quite so often.

ASSIAC

PERSONAL

DISABLED, housebound, middle-aged woman, Oxf. Eng. Sch., author three books (pre-war), most urgently needs literary work. Experienced reviewer. Box 5747.

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INTELLIGENT educ. woman, 42, offers housekpg., veget. cooking, pref. widower, accom. self, child 4, no salary. Box 5416.

SPACIOUS houseboat permanently moored to river bank. 3 mins. from sea. Walberswick, Suffolk. Equipped for 3 people. To let May, June, July. £3 p.w. Box 5377.

PAINTING Holidays. April-Sept. Glorious Pembrokeshire coast. Hills, mountain, sea. Work in modern hill studio, live on farms. Individual tuition or complete independence in stimulating atmosphere. Lectures. Box 4651.

SOUTH of France: Journalist welcomes guests in villa on Mediterranean shore. Terms for spring and early summer 1,000 francs per day. Write 90 Worsley Rd. N.W.3.

DISCUSSION Circle meeting twice weekly requires room for 25, Central London; offers £1 p.w. Write: Advertiser, 40 Connaught Sq., W.2.

YOUNG lady, teacher, reqs. post for Aug. Can type. Would go abroad. Box 5522.

FRENCH Alps. Private party reqs. additional mems. for hol. end June. Box 5365.

ADVERTISER (male) seeks another for inexpensive holiday abroad. Box 5374.

ITALIAN, French tuition, conversation. Roberti. Telephone Gladstone 2692.

LEARN French from a native. Box 5578 or tel. Miss Bernard, PAD. 7118.

FRENCH conversation (advanced) exchange required by Englishman. Box 5366.

FRENCH conversation lessons wanted from French teacher by post graduate student. Box 5368.

MATHS. coach wanted, exper. Cambridge Open Scholarship essential. Box 5702.

SPANISH lady coaches, translates, corresponds, etc. Box 5401.

ABSOLUTELY all-in fully conducted holidays in Austria, Balearics, France, Switzerland, from 33gns. Apply Erminours, 50 Northey Ave., Cheam, Surrey. (VIG. 0405.)

CRUISING on Canals. An Adventure. Fine cruisers for 2-6 people. Choice of lovely routes. Houseboat and motorboat. Canal Cruising Co., Ltd., Stone, Staffs.

PERSONAL—continued

WILLIAM Temple College, Hawarden, Chester. Accommodation & catering for about 40 is available for Summer Schools, etc., in large country house with pleasant garden, July 17-24 & Aug. 14-Sept. 23. Apply Secy.

WENNINGTON School, Wetherby, Yorks (easy reach Harrogate, York and Leeds), available with service during August for Conferences, Summer Schools, etc. Extensive private grounds with outdoor swimming pool, tennis courts, etc. Apply The Bursar.

STUDENTS contemplating proceeding to the United States for educational purposes during summer 1950 should consult immediately the National Union of Students Travel Dept., 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, for details concerning the exceptionally advantageous facilities for movement to the U.S.A., which it disposes.

THE National Union of Students Travel Department, has pleasure in announcing its biggest programme of summer tours since the war. Tours to Europe's great Festival centres (Salzburg, Lucerne, Edinburgh, Oberammergau) riding, sailing, walking, climbing and lazing, from Helsinki to Lisbon, from Paris to Vienna. Also study tours of the U.S.A. Tour fees from £12 upwards. Many tours include air travel without increase over 3rd-class rail fares. Further details from N.U.S. Travel Department, 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

STATE Registered Nurse offers hospitality with extra care for the aged or for those in need of convalescence, in an exceptionally beautiful house. Central heating. Telephones. Garden. Hampstead 2282.

HALL of Institute of Journalists available for mtgs. Seats up to 100. Mod. rentals. Apply Gen. Sec., 2-4, Tudor St. E.C.4.

RUSSIAN, German, French by professional teacher. Oral and post. Ness, 8 Flat, 102 Great Titchfield St., W.1.

NURSE Ollivier. Colds; Colonic irrigation; Rheumatism. MAY. 1085.

HALL for hire, Leicester Sq. 17 Irving St., W.C.2. WHI. 3678.

GRAPHOLOGICAL Expert, scientifically trained with wide experience, gives advice in personal and business matters (appointment of staff, partnerships, matrimonial affairs, child guidance, etc.). Write to Graphological Bureau, 1 Woodside, Erskine Hill, N.W.11.

IF you can write a good letter, you can make money by writing for the Press. Send for Secrets of Successful Writing, free. Premier School of Journalism, 95 Premier House, 53 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

MAY old and new friends return and help celebrate our 25th Anniversary Year. S.F. Grill & Cafe, 6 Denman St., Piccadilly Circus.

PERSONAL—continued

WALKING Tours and other out-door holidays abroad. The 1950 programme of Ramblers' Association Services gives details of tours in 16 different countries. Walking Tour Austrian Tyrol, using mountain huts—£28 17s. 6d. Swiss 4-Centre tour—Engelberg, Meiringen, Grindelwald, Mürren—£34 17s. 6d. Youth Hostel walking tour in the Valais—£27 10s. Zermatt and Bernese Oberland—£38 15s. The Dolomites and Venice—£38 16s. Mountaineering in the Ortler Group—£42 2s. 6d. Climbing "School" in Savoy—£31 15s. Andorran centre—£38 2s. 6d. Pyrenees and Costa Brava—£39 10s. All these are 16-day tours, and we have longer ones in North Africa, Portugal, Lapland, etc. Full programme of tours, with really all-inclusive prices, from Ramblers' Association Services, 188 V West End Lane, N.W.6. HAM. 3215.

WAYFARERS Holiday Centres Abroad include Austrian Tyrol 17 days £37 13s., Belgium, Ostend 8 days £16 5s., France, Nice 17 days £49 4s. 6d., Germany, Bavaria & Oberammergau 15 days £45 19s. 6d., Italy, Lake Garda & Venice 15 days £45 15s., Switzerland, Montreaux 16 days £42 5s., and many other inclusive tours. Illustrated programme. The Wayfarers Travel Agency, Ltd. (Est. 1920), 33, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.

FRANCE. Attractive holiday programmes as paying guests in French families. Particulars from Mrs. Marion Guild, Windsor House, Victoria St., S.W.1. Abbey 7421.

FOREST School Camps for boys and girls aged 6½ to 18, Aug. 9 to Sept. 6, 1950. Trained staff. Apply A. R. Cobb, 38 Barton Rd. Cambridge.

BOYS and girls 5-16 welcomed for summer holidays. Full programme of country pursuits. Riding. Excel. food. S.R.N. matron. Also Easter holidays. Prospectus: Odam Hill Children's Farm, South Molton, Devon.

IMPECUNIOUS but esthetic? Write catalogue good, cheap, antique furniture: Margery Dean, B.A., Wivenhoe, Essex.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½d. for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course. Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

INEXPENSIVE escorted tours Switzd., Stresa, Verona, Venice, Florence, Chamonix. S.C. Tours, Martigny, Switzerland.

AUSTRIAN Tyrol (Seefeld), July 30-August 12. £26; also Grossgmain (Salzburg), August 13-26, £27 incl. fare. E. Beer, c/o Norwood Technical College, S.E.27.

PERSONAL—continued

A CONVERSATIONAL Holiday in France or Devon. Limited number of vacancies. Also French, German, Italian, Spanish Day or Evening Classes. Private lessons in all languages. Prospectus free: Schwarz Language Tuition Centre, Ltd., 10 Portman St., W.1. May. 4640.

CORSICA—l'Isle de Beauté. The ideal summer holiday—exciting, inexpensive, quite out of the ordinary—has been devised by the Camp de l'Horizon for people who appreciate the wonderful climate, natural beauty, and perfect freedom of this truly enchanted island. Excellent food, swimming, boating, excursions, congenial companions. Write, 'phone or call: Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4 (City 7163-4).

BEAUTIFUL Corsica. Club Olympic of Paris will re-open their well-known Holiday Camp in Calvi on June 10. Book now! Pomfrey & Partners, Ltd., 22 Bury Place, London, W.C.1. HOL. 4846.

SPRINGTIME in Paris. Make the most of your visit and feel "at home." "Chez Vous" offers you a friendly welcome and a delightful stay. Small informal parties at incl. chges. from London. Pomfrey & Partners, Ltd., 22 Bury Pl. London, W.C.1. HOL. 4846.

OBERAMMERGAU & Austrian Tyrol £27. Italian Lakes £35. Brittany Coast £29 18s. All inclusive 15-day holidays. Allways, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2. Tem. 8702.

WEEK-END house parties. London dances. For full prog. write/'phone: Josephine Hall, 324/5 High Holborn, W.C.1. Hol. 5831.

EASTER holidays are here again! Have a real break and join an informal house party of young and youngish professional people, near London and the sea. Tennis, bathing, riding, walks, dancing. Full details from Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, Lnd., S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: "Ruskin" Library Ed., 39 Vols., £12; Complete Set H.M.V. French Records, new, £6 6s.; Linguaphone, Italian, £6 10s.; Comptometer, all calculations, Felt and Tarrant, excellent condition, £125/nearest; Climbing boots, new condition, size six.

WANTED: "Annual Registers," 1978—; "Gentlemen's Magazines"; Pirandello: Works of, or about—Italian, French, English; Viceroy non-electric, Rowing Machine, Hauser Health Mine; Typewriter (Remington preferred), price secondary importance if good model.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, 10 Great Turnstile, mentioning advt. and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first word, 10d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY of London. Tutorial Classes Committee. Applications are invited for a Staff Tutorship in Psychology from men and women of high academic standing, with experience in conducting tutorial classes. Additional qualifications in one or more subsidiary subjects would be an advantage. The appointment may be either as Staff Tutor, salary scale £600—£50—£1,150, or as Staff Tutor (Junior), salary scale £500—£50—£600, the initial salary in both instances being determined in accordance with the qualifications and experience of the successful candidate. Family allowances additional in either case. Particulars and application forms from Director of the Department of Extra-Mural Studies, Senate House, W.C.1. Completed application forms to be submitted before April 12, 1950.

UNIVERSITY of London. Organising Tutor, man or woman, required by Tutorial Classes Committee to work in either Middlesex or Surrey. Applicants must be qualified to take Tutorial Classes preferably in one or more of the following subjects: Literature, Economics, Psychology, Sociology, History. Salary £600—£50—£1,150, also family allowances, the initial salary being determined in accordance with the qualifications and experience of the successful candidate. Particulars and application forms from Director of the Department of Extra-Mural Studies, Senate House, W.C.1. Completed application forms to be submitted before April 12, 1950.

UNIVERSITY College, Leicester. Applications are invited for a Lectureship or Assistant Lectureship in Mathematics. Salary: Lecturer £500-£1,100; Assistant Lecturer £400-£500; initial salary according to quals. and exp., with membership of F.S.S.U. and Family Allowances Scheme. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar to whom applics. should be sent by April 15.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Applications are invited for the post of Professor of French. Further partics. may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, by whom applics. must be received on or before April 17, 1950.

"BRITISH Medical Journal": Assistant Editor. The Council of the British Medical Association invites applications from registered practitioners for the appointment of a Medical Assistant Editor to the "British Medical Journal." In the first instance the appointment will be for six months on a probationary basis at a salary of £1,500 a year, rising by annual increments of £100 to £2,200 a year. In exceptional circumstances the initial salary may be above the minimum of the scale. The Association superannuation scheme will apply on substantive appointment. Candidates must present evidence of literary ability and/or journalistic experience. A knowledge of one or more foreign languages is desirable. Applicants should send full particulars of qualifications, experience, age, etc., together with the names and addresses of three persons to whom reference may be made, to the Editor of the "British Medical Journal," B.M.A. House, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1, by April 15th, 1950. Env. should be marked "British Medical Journal"—Assistant Editor.

LONDON County Council. Education Inspectorate. Senior Inspector of Art. Applications are invited from men and women for appointment from January 1, 1951, at a salary of £1,250 × £75-£1,550 a year. In exceptional circumstances, an appointment above the minimum may be made. The duties will be to inspect, advise on and organize the teaching of art, artistic crafts and design in schools of art, and in schools, evening institutes and colleges, and to carry out such other duties as may be assigned from time to time. The present authorized staff of inspectors of art is one senior inspector and two inspectors. Application forms, obtainable from the Education Officer (EO/Estab.2), The County Hall, London, S.E.1 (stamped addressed foolscap envelope necessary), must be returned not later than April 15, 1950. Canvassing disqualifies (260).

SUDAN Government. The Research Division of the Ministry of Agriculture and Forests requires an Agronomist aged 21 to 35, for service in the Sudan. Preference will be given to candidates possessing a good degree in Agriculture or allied science. Knowledge of field experimentation is essential and experience desirable. Appointment will be on Short Term Contract for five years at a salary scale £E600 to £E1,350, with special post-service bonus. Cost of Living Allowance varying between £E180 and £E390 per annum according to the number of dependants is at present payable, and, subject to certain limitations, an Outfit Allowance of £E60 is payable on appointment. There is at present no income tax in the Sudan. Free passage on appointment. Full particulars and general information may be obtained on application to: Sudan Agent in London, Wellington House, Buckingham Gate, London, S.W.1. Please mark envelope "Agronomist."

ESSEX Education Committee. Borough of Ilford. Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker at the Ilford Child Guidance Clinic. Candidates should possess the Mental Health Certificate of the University of London or other approved certificate or diploma and experience in Child Guidance work is desirable. Salary £170, rising by annual increments of £20 to £510. Regard will be had to previous experience in fixing the commencing salary. Application to be made in writing, giving full details as to age, qualifications and experience, to the Borough Education Officer, Town Hall, Ilford, within 14 days of this advertisement

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE Institute of Personnel Management is proceeding to appoint a full-time Director. The Institute is an independent association of practising personnel officers, working in co-operation with the British Institute of Management. Its two principal objects are to increase the knowledge and competence of its members, and to promote and develop personnel management. Desirable qualifications are (a) a degree or equivalent professional qualifications; (b) knowledge of industrial relations and personnel practice; (c) experience in industry or commerce; (d) administrative experience. Salary £1,500 per year for a person with these qualifications, otherwise a period of training at a somewhat reduced salary may be offered. Applications, giving all necessary details, marked Confidential, to Dr. C. H. Northcott, Institute of Personnel Management, Management House, Hill St., London, W.1.

UNITED Nations. English Translators and Minute-Writers. An examination will be held about mid-May in London, Geneva and New York to recruit Translators and Minute-Writers whose mother-tongue is English. Candidates should have a fluent and accurate English style, a perfect knowledge of spoken and written French and of one of the other official languages (Spanish, Russian or Chinese). A sound background of economics, of political science or law is required. Intending applicants, who should have a university (honours) degree or the equivalent, or outstanding relevant experience, are invited to write, before April 18, for further information to: Personnel Division (English Translators), United Nations, Palais des Nations, Geneva, Switzerland, encl. self-addressed business size env.

CROWN Agents for the Colonies. Museum Technical Instructor required by the Government of Nigeria for 2 tours, each of 18 to 24 months duration. Fixed salary £800 a year, inclusive of expatriation pay. Outfit allowance £60. Free first-class passages and liberal leave on full salary. Candidates should hold the Diploma of the Museums Association and the possession of a degree although not essential, would be an advantage. Previous Museum experience is essential, and a high standard of technical skill is required. The duties will include the instruction of selected Africans who will be candidates for appointments as Museum Technical Assistants. The instructor will also be required to carry out the actual technical treatment, cleaning and preparation of collections of antiquities, art and ethnography. Apply at once by letter, stating age, whether married or single, and full particulars of qualifications and experience, and mentioning this paper to the Crown Agents for the Colonies, 4, Millbank, London, S.W.1, quoting M/N/22382/3E. on both letter and envelope. The Crown Agents cannot undertake to acknowledge all applications and will communicate only with applicants selected for further consideration.

"THE Farmers Weekly" requires a Technical Assistant Editor to take charge of technical features in the paper. He must have a sound knowledge of current agricultural research of different types; must be familiar with recent technical developments among practical farmers; and able to run an ordinary mixed farm on commercial lines; wide scientific interest and practical farming experience more important than specialised knowledge. Journalistic experience unnecessary. Salary about £1,500. Pension scheme. A house would be available. Box 5527.

MEDICAL artist wanted (full-time) for the Department of Human Anatomy, University of Oxford. Exper. in accurate line and half-tone work essential. Apply Administrator, Dept. of Human Anatomy, Univ. of Oxford.

LONDON County Council. Hammersmith School of Building and Arts and Crafts, Lime Grove, W.12. Required as soon as possible: A Senior Assistant for Pottery, Modelling and Wood and Stone Sculpture courses. Applicants should be practising artist craftsmen with professional experience, organizing ability and preferably some teaching experience. Salary Burnham Senior Assistant scale, ranging in London from a minimum of £736-£838 to a maximum of £848-£953 according to age, qualifications and experience. Application forms, obtainable from the Secretary at the school, should be returned there within 14 days of the publication of this advertisement (296).

LONDON County Council. Major Establishment. An open competitive examination for appointments to first class (b) of the major establishment will commence June 5, 1950. Standard slightly higher than Intermediate Examination of London University. Candidates must be 17½ and under 18½ on August 1, 1950. Appointments reserved for those called for national service before taking up duties. Salary £240 × £20-£300 × £25-£550. Promotion to higher administrative positions with salaries up to £1,100 a year is by merit. Application forms (O.C.1) obtainable from Clerk of the Council (A.1), The County Hall, S.E.1 (stamped addressed env. reqd.). Forms to be returned with entrance fee of £1 by May 1, 1950. (269)

ELECTROENCEPHALOGRAPHIC Recordist. Girl required for training: Matric. or equivalent essential, hospital or laboratory exp. desirable. Trained personnel may apply. National Hospital, Queen Sq., London, W.C.1.

ADVERTISEMENT Manager required for new monthly. First-class opportunity for live-wire who will welcome chance of being in at the beginning. Must have good contacts and know how to make more. Send fullest details of experience, including salaries and commissions earned. Box 5666.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON County Council. Special School Headships. Applications are invited for the following headships. Apply on form EO/TS10/Special. Forms and further particulars to be had from the Education Officer (EO/TS10), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1—send stamped addressed envelope and quote name of school. Closing date April 15. Oak Lodge Residential School for Deaf Girls, 103 Nightingale Lane, S.W.12.—Resident Headmistress. Age range 12-16; accommodation 76 (38 day, 38 residential); roll (March, 1949) 52; Burnham group 3(S). London allowance; free accommodation, board and laundry in return for duties outside school hours. Candidates should hold diploma of the National College of Teachers of the Deaf or University of Manchester certificate for teachers of the deaf. Kathleen Schlesinger Home, Russell's Water, near Henley-on-Thames, Oxfordshire.—A residential school for 20 delicate children aged 2-5. Resident Headmistress, to be in charge of the establishment. Qualified teacher; nursery school training an advantage. Burnham group 1(S) head teacher's allowance; London allowance not payable. Board, lodging and laundry free in return for duties outside school hours. (370.)

LONDON County Council invites applications from married couples for the joint position of housefather and housemother at Mile Oak Approved School for Boys, Portslade, Sussex. Applicants will be required to take charge of Loxdale Hostel which accommodates 16 junior boys and which is situated about a mile away from the main school. Duties include the care of the boys out of school hours, including games and recreation and, in the case of the housemother, the preparation of meals. Domestic assistance is provided. Weekly rate of pay: housefather 118s.; housemother 113s., less 23s. a week in each case for board, lodging and laundry. Accommodation for children cannot be provided. Application forms and further details may be obtained from the Children's Officer (CH/A.2/36), The County Hall, London, S.E.1 (279).

DERBYSHIRE Education Committee. Organiser for Women's Clubs. Applications are invited for the post of Organiser to develop Women's Clubs in the County. Salary Scale £495 by £20 to £560, commencing salary according to qualifications and experience. Applicants should have experience in adult education work among women. Social Science Diploma or recognised training course desirable. Form of application and further particulars may be obtained from the Director of Education, County Education Office, 25, St. Mary's Gate, Derby, to whom applications should be sent within 14 days of the date of this advertisement. Canvassing in any form will be a disqualification. J. L. Longland, Director of Education.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Children's Department. Visiting Officers. Applications are invited for appointment as Visiting Officer in the Children's Department. There are three vacancies, and the duties of the persons appointed will include the visiting of Children's Homes, boarding out, and visits to the homes of children who have been, or may need to be, received into the care of the County Council. Preference will be given to candidates who have a diploma or certificate in Social Science, with special training or experience in child welfare. The salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the person appointed but will not exceed £495 a year. The Scheme of Conditions of Service of the National Joint Council for Local Authorities' Administrative, Professional, Technical and Clerical Services as from time to time amended, and as adopted by the County Council, is at present applicable to persons appointed on the established staff. The appointments will be subject to the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937, and the persons appointed will be required to pass a medical examination to the satisfaction of the Council. Applications, giving full particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, and the names and addresses of two persons to whom reference can be made, should reach the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford, not later than April 6, 1950. Canvassing, directly or indirectly, is forbidden. John E. Lightburn, Clerk of the County Council.

ESSEX Education Committee. Service of Youth. Appointment of Warden and Matron at Residential Youth Centre, The Old Rectory, Wicken Bonhunt, near Newport. Applications are invited for the joint residential post of Warden and Matron. The Centre accommodates up to 36 young people in an attractive house, and provision is made for camping in the grounds. Accommodation for the Warden and Matron and full-time help in the house and garden are provided. Salary of the Warden according to the Assistants Scale of the Burnham Further Education Report plus a special allowance of £50 per annum, less £100 per annum for residence. Salary of the Matron £150 per annum plus residential emoluments valued at £80 per annum. Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned on receipt of a stamped envelope and should be returned within fourteen days of appearance of this advertisement. D. N. Bungey, Acting Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford.

TWO Cooks, possibly man and wife, boarding school (140), one fully trained and experienced, able to take charge. All found, social status as teaching staff. 4 weeks annual holiday. Apply Bursar, Wennington School, Wetherby, Yorks.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Assistant in the Educational and Training Department of a large Commercial Organization in London. An interesting and progressive position for a well-educated woman between 23 and 30 years, with ability to teach English and Commercial subjects. University graduate preferred and Secretarial qualifications and teaching experience an advantage. Please write giving full particulars of experience, age and salary to Box 5634.

MAN, preferably young, with first-class academic qualifications in liberal or social studies, required. The work demands an analytic and cultured intelligence and a strong sense of social responsibility. Ability to write clearly and well imperative. Interesting, varied and responsible job. Minimum starting salary £600, but considerably higher to the right man. Prospects quite substantial. Pensionable and permanent post. Brief yet informative applications would be much appreciated. Box 5670.

CHAIGELEY School, Thelwall, nr. Warrington, Lancs. Recognised by the Ministry of Education, No. 30647. (Residential Special School for approximately 40 maladjusted Boys from 10 to 15 years.) Headmaster required to commence duties at as early a date as possible in the Summer Term. Candidates must be qualified teachers, must have residential experience and preferably have worked with boys of this type. Married accommodation is available and suitable employment may later be possible for an interested and qualified wife. Salary according to Burnham Scale for teachers in Special Schools, with £100 Head-teacher's allowance (Group 11 Special School) and full residential emoluments. Applications (no forms), with copies of two testimonials and names of two persons to whom reference may be made, to be forwarded within 21 days of the appearance of this advertisement to: William Hall, Hon. Sec., Chaigeley School, 24 Dingleway, Appleton, Nr. Warrington.

THE Y.W.C.A. requires Club Leaders and Assistants (young women) for leisure-time youth clubs in all parts of the country. Some training or relevant experience necessary. Salaries from £270 non-resident for young assistants up to £420 non-resident for more senior posts. Apply by letter only: Personnel Secretary, Y.W.C.A. National Offices, Great Russell St. London, W.C.1. Women under 41 require a M. of L. permit.

EDUCATED woman required for Headship of Sunshine Home Nursery School for Blind Children, Northwood, Middlesex. Experience with young children essential. Salary in case of Educationist would be Burnham Scale, plus residential emoluments—for other applicants according to qualifications and experience—in any case not less than £400 p.a., plus residential emoluments. Application form from Secretary-General, National Institute for the Blind, 224 Great Portland St., London, W.1.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of qualified mistress for housewifery department for School for the Blind in the North, for the tuition of Blind trainees 16 to 21 years. Resident or non-resident. Protestant. Burnham salary scale. Apply stating age and with copies of three testimonials to Box Z 156 Lee & Nightingale, Liverpool.

WORKERS required for Citizens' Advice Bureaux in Metropolitan Boroughs of London. Applicants should have Social Science Diploma or similar qualification and must be between 25-45 years. C.A.B. training given. Salary £250-£350 p.a. Applications to C.A.B. Liaison Officer, F.W.A., 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.

ASSISTANT to Matron reqd. by Workers' Circle Friendly Society for Circle Rest Home, Littlehampton, for general duties. Nursing exper. necessary. Apply: General Sec., Circle House, Alie Street, London, E.1.

REQUIRED as soon as possible. Senior Assistant to Matron at a School for the Blind, in the North. Experienced in house-keeping, staff control, good disciplinarian and time-keeper. Protestant. Salary according to experience. Apply stating age with copies of three references to Box X 155 Lee & Nightingale, Liverpool.

MANCHESTER. Langdale Hall. Applications are invited for the post of Warden of Langdale Hall, Church of England Hall for University Women Students, with 36 residents. Salary from £350, according to qualifications and experience, with residence and superannuation scheme. Graduate preferred. Applications, with full particulars, three testimonials and the names of three references should be sent before April 22 to the Secretary, Board of Finance, Diocesan Church House, 90 Deansgate, Manchester, 3.

AN intelligent young lady, of about 25 years or over, is required for a small, but busy fabric shop, with a mail order dept., E. London. The main qualifications required are: a friendly approach to customers, tact, a capacity to get work done in an organized manner, and not afraid of hard work; in return, a fair salary will be paid, and there is ample scope for advancement. Box 5589.

Y.M.C.A. invites applications from men between 21 and 30 to train as Secretaries. First essentials: a sense of Christian vocation and a good education with leadership ability in religious, social, educational and physical activities with youth. Write, giving particulars of experience and qualifications to S/13, Personnel Secretary, National Council of Y.M.C.A.s, 112 Great Russell St., W.C.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

FAMILY Service Units require resident case-workers for pioneer work with Problem Families. Apply F.S.U., 159 Westbourne Grove, London, W.11.

NAVAL Children's Home, "Hopfield," Stakes Hill Road, Waterlooville, Hants. Required immediately, Sewing Mistress, residential. Duties dressmaking and some tailoring, to assist supervision of some 40 children (no teaching). Write Matron as above.

PERMANENT post offered exp. cook able to produce and serve attractive meals for household 22, and willing take respon. position with staff. Small Guest Hse. elderly residents, 50 mls. London. Aga stove. Own rm. Vacancy for friend might be arranged. Box 5591.

WANTED April for 3rd floor flat (no lift) N. Audley St., London, somebody to do housekeeping and cooking (three in family, two out all day) and be responsible for four-year-old girl, at nursery school mornings. Happy household, all modern equipment, farm produce. Must live in, not as family. Comfortable bed-sittingroom, every weekend free. Daily woman for housework. Please apply Box 5633.

FRENCH yng. lady wanted companion child 11 yrs. for April. Morns. Box 5403.

SHORTHAND-Typist required. Good speeds essential, previous experience desirable. This post is particularly suitable to candidates interested in personnel and industrial problems. Canteen facilities available. Applications to the Secretary, Institute of Personnel Management, 8 Hill Street, London, W.1. Tel. GRO. 6000.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

REPRESENTATIVE, 29, intelligent, reliable, wide interests particularly sociology, car-owner living Bedfordshire, desires change to socially useful work. Would appreciate all offers or suggestions. Box 5327.

NEW Zealander desperately seeks post where accom. available; hostel warden, housekpr./similar. Willing and reliable. Box 5328.

SECRETARY/Linguist (Russian/German/French) requires interesting employment in London. B.A. (Hons.). Box 5367.

DUTCH young woman, 37, single, Protestant, seeks work in household, all duties, cooking, etc., very capable, does not speak English. Write: Nodelyk, 1ste. Braamstraat 39, The Hague, Holland.

EDUCATED, intelligent woman, 32, seeks interesting work. Domesticated, business experience. Resident/non-resident. London preferred. Any suggestions welcomed. Box 5381.

LADY, 38, seeks change. 12 years' experience on advertisement side of publishing house, for the last 5 years in charge of production department. Competent shorthand/typist, keen worker. Write Box 5414.

YOUNG woman, fluent Russian, Dutch, German and French, experienced in translating, editing, seeks interesting responsible post at home or abroad. Box 5417.

EXPERIENCED lady cook wants position May-September hotel/boarding house/private. Werner, 37 Heuleaze Ave. Bristol.

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WORKING Hsekeeper. Lond. area. 2/3 adults pref. Gd. ref. Box 5536.

FELLOWSHIPS, etc.

UNIVERSITY of Nottingham. The University invites applications for: A number of Research Fellowships of a maximum value of £450 each per annum. These Fellowships will be awarded to candidates who seem likely to make a significant contribution to knowledge in any appropriate field of learning. A number of Post-graduate Studentships and Scholarships of varying values up to £250 per annum. These Studentships and Scholarships will be awarded to graduates who wish to pursue research in appropriate fields of learning. Undergraduates sitting Final Examinations in June, 1950, are eligible to make provisional application. Further information may be obtained from the Registrar, by whom applications must be received not later than July 1, 1950.

WILLIAM Temple College at Hawarden, Chester. Several bursaries of £40 p.a. to be awarded to women, particularly those interested in industry, commerce, public service, social work, teaching, for entry next October to pursue course in Theology and its relation to man and society. College recognised for Ministry of Education Supplementary Course in Divinity. Partics. and app. forms from Sec.

ADULT Scholarship in Social Studies, University College of Hull. The College offers each year a Scholarship in Social Studies of £40 per annum normally for two years to students who have at least two years' experience in some practical occupation and who wish to obtain a Diploma in Social Studies. Application must be made not later than April 15. Particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Hull.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

STEANBRIDGE: beautifully situated guest house in quiet Cotswold valley. Restful holidays for people of all nationalities. Breakfast in bed (optional). Finlayson, Steanbridge, Nr. Stroud, Glos. Tel.: Painswick 2312.

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WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

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LAKE District. For those who appreciate excellent cooking. Woodlands Guest House, Lakeside, via Ulverston, Lancs. Beautiful position overlooking Lake Windermere. Log fires. Home produce. Write for booklet.

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N. CORNWALL Coast. Cottage Guest Hse. Sands bathing, surfing, buses 5 mins., h. & c. No extras. Mod. charges unchanged. Clifton Cottage, Treknow, Tintagel. Tel. 72.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court Hotel. 33 rooms, 1 acre grounds. Every comfort and superlative food. 6gns. inclusive, 7-8gns. from June 3rd. Tel.: 1944.

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CAPEL Court, Easter and Summer bookings; riding, bathing, delightful country walks, within easy reach Dover and Folkestone. Day rides a speciality. Capel Court Gymkhana, August 9. Terms on application: Capel Court, Capel-le-Ferne, Folkestone 346211.

BUCKS.—Small farmhouse offers rest, comfort, farm fare, country walks. 5gns. Holmbury, Bledlow. Princes Risborough 449.

NORTH Devon, overlooking Atlantic. Do you want a quiet, restful holiday in a scene of bewitching beauty? Good food, courteous attention, elec. light. Mod. terms. Grosvenor Guest House, Stoke, Hartland. Mr. & Mrs. W. Stewart, proprietors. Tel. Hartland 25.

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HOLIDAYS in country house with extensive grounds, 8 miles from sea, interesting excursions. Farm produce, English and Continental cooking, special diets if wanted. From 4gns. Cossington House Guest House, Nr. Bridgwater, Somerset (under new management).

CHILDREN'S Guest House. Every care. Sea, country. Johnson & Paget, Thanet House, St. Peter's, Broadstairs.

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FOLKESTONE, Haydon Hse., 16 Bournemouth Rd. Close sea/golf links. Slumberland beds. Sep. tables. From 3gns. p.w. inc.

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OLD Pump Cottage, Shaftesbury; thatched, simple, convenient centre tours, walks; good cooking. 5gns. Hostess: Miss English.

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OLD Plaw Hatch, nr. East Grinstead, Kathleen Batten's friendly hotel on the edge of Ashdown Forest. Golf, riding, or walking and attractive meals to satisfy the enormous appetite that the best air in Sussex will give you. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

HOMELY holiday accommodation for Easter and Summer in beautiful country with magnificent sea views near Pendine Sands, and on bus routes to Carmarthen and Tenby. Extensive grounds, tennis, billiards, own produce and honey. Family party welcomed. Terms £5 5s. Broadway Mansion, Laugharne, Carmarthenshire. Telephone Laugharne 25.

FARM holidays with farmhouse food and friendliness. Fishing, shooting, climbing, golfing to taste. Sixty-four pages of holiday suggestions. Apply for our 1950 brochure. O.S.A. Tours, 74 Causeyside St., Paisley.

HOLIDAYS at the "Haven Guest House," New St., Torrington, Devon. Personal attention. Good food. Comf. beds. Lovely garden. Good centre for tours. Reas. terms.

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PORLOCK, Halscombe House, between Exmoor and sea, has first-class reputation as friendly guest house. Good country fare, personal attention. Mr. & Mrs. Holmes. Tel. 209.

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PYRENEES. Few guests received from Easter in beautifully situated country house near Pau. Write Maelle. Dannatt, Château de Balagué, Rébénacq, B. Pyr., France.

CORNISH fishing village, S.W. Rest, relax, refresh in Torrevean Private Hotel, Porthleven. Good food. Lt. Cmmdr. H. C. Selby, R.N. (retd.).

EIRE: Mountain View Hotel, Dugort, Achill Island, Co. Mayo. Ideally situated 'midst mountain and sea; safe bathing; excellent catering. Terms £5 5s. Mrs. S. H. Hoban.

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APPLEBY, Westmorland, Garbridge Hotel. Lakes accessible. Fishing. Golf. Comfort and good food. Write brochure. Tel. 71.

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RIVINGTON Hotel. Modern amenities, gdn. prod. Eggs. Cromwell Rd., Hove 331061.

BIDE-A-WHILE Hotel, Port Gaverne, North Cornwall. For your Spring vacation. One visit and you return. Port Isaac 218.

LAKES. Charming old mansion. Beaut. view. 40 acres grnds. Modn. furn. Mod. terms. Croft Hotel, Ambleside. Tel. 334.

CORNWALL, "Sennen Cove Hotel," Land's End, overlooking sea and glorious sands; h. & c., every amenity; double, 6gns. each till July 15, single 7gns. (Sennen 275.)

CORNWALL. Treharrock Manor. Lovely country house. Every modern convenience. All beds interior sprung. 15 acres grounds. Best cuisine. Among Cornwall's loveliest beaches. Surf-bathing Polzeath. Fishing, hunting. Golf at Rock (St. Enodoc). Open all year. Mildest climate in Britain. Excellent for asthmatics. Spring is now at its best. From 4gns. Port Isaac 234.

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WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

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AT 10 seaside resorts Travco have Hotels: Brighton, Bognor, Sandown, Shanklin, Torquay, Newquay, Ilfracombe, Grange-over-Sands, Scarborough, Clacton, and 1 in London. All noted for comfort, courtesy, cuisine. Write for comprehensive brochure, Travco Hotels, Ltd., N.S.65, Prescot St., London, E.1.

SURREY Highlands for week-ends, holidays or permanent resid. Country house atmosphere. Children welcome. H. & c. all rooms. Efficient cent. htg. Licensed. Morris Lodge Hotel, Gong Hill, nr. Farnham. Frensham 362.

DUKE of York, Iddesleigh, Nr. Winkleigh. Small comf. hotel in remote, beautiful part of N. Devon. Fishing/shooting by arrangement. 5½gns. p.w. Hatherleigh 253.

ESSEX. Country holidays in Georgian house near coast. Babies/children specially catered for and "minded." From 4½ gns. Reductions children. Box 5379.

BATTLE, Sussex. "Pembury Guest House," situated in beautiful woodland, countryside, yet on excellent bus route to Hastings (4 miles). Really good and varied food, with poultry and produce from our lovely 2-acre garden. All bedrooms h. & c. Special terms to end June. Tel. Battle 146.

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BEADON Prior Hotel, Salcombe, S. Devon, regret they have no vacancies between June 3/Sept. 16. Bkg. accepted now for autumn.

HOLIDAYS & Honeymoons! 58 delightful hotels in Devon and Cornwall, described & recommended in "Bide-a-While Book." Post free, 2s. 6d. N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

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SCHOOLS

BADMINTON School, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol. Sound education up to University entrance, broad interests. Apply Head Mistress.

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RAYMONT School, Shortlands, Kent. Boys 3-11, Girls 3-18. A few vacancies for weekly or full boards. Apply for prospectus to Mrs. G. Price, Principal. RAV. 3272.

ST. MARY'S Town and Country School. Day School, 38 Eton Ave. Hampst. Boarders: Stanford Park, nr. Rugby. Exchange poss. Own swimming, boating. Prog. Co-ed. 5-18. Henry & Eliz. Paul, Ph.D.

ST. Nicholas School, 39 Albyn Place, Aberdeen. A progressive day school for boys and girls 5-14. Directors: John R. Allan, M.A., Mrs. Jean Allan, M.A., John Mackie.

ST. Timothy's School, Dawlish, Devon. Independent Co-educational school for boarders and day scholars from five to school certificate preparation for secondary and public schools, situated in ideal surroundings. Principal, Miss S. M. Stookes, N.F.U.

THE Froebel School, Datchet, Bucks. School of 40 children run on Activity Methods with support of Parents' Group. Small group of weekly Boarders 5-6 years. Week-end escort to and from Waterloo. Miss Underwood, N.F.U.

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age; small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principals, Miss M. L. Lee, M.A., Miss E. M. Snodgrass, M.A.

RELIABLE advice given (gratis) by Truman and Knightley, Ltd., concerning schools for boys and girls. Clarendon House, 11 & 12, Clifford St. W.1. Regent 2803. Founded 1901.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. Insertion delayed some weeks. State latest date acceptable. 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

ENTERTAINMENTS

STRATFORD-on-Avon 1950 Shakespeare Festival. Evgs. 7.30. Mats., Sat. 2.30 until May 3, thereafter Weds. Sats. 2.30. Seats bookable through principal agents.

ARTS (Tem. 3334), 7 (ex. Mon.) St. & Sun. 5 & 8. "The Provoked Wife." Members.

UNITY. "How I Wonder," Weds.-Suns. 7.30. Assoc. Mem. 2*s.* 6*d.* EUS. 5391.

PLAYERS' Theatre, Villiers St., W.C.2. "Late Joys" nightly. Members.

PLAYHOUSE, Henley-on-Thames, Henley 777. April 3-8, Mon.-Thurs. 7.30 p.m. No performance Good Friday. Sat. 5 p.m. & 8 p.m. The Tuska Theatre Company presents "Murder in the Cathedral," by T. S. Eliot.

PEOPLE'S Palace, Adv. 4244. Sun., Apr. 2nd, 7.30: "Film Ohne Titel" (a).

FILM Society—Tooting. Apr. 17, British première of Tino Rossi's latest musical, "Destins." New season of outstanding films from 9 countries, not publicly shown. Sub. 10*s.* covers 6 shows, exhibitions, bulletins, etc. Details: Sec., 98 Fishponds Rd. S.W.17.

SOUTH Place Sunday Concerts. Apr. 2, 6.30. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Holborn. Gibbs String Quartet. Robert Collet. Mozart G, K.387; Bloch No. 2 St. Qts.; Busoni Carmen Fantasia; Beethoven Sonata C mi, Op. 111. Pf. Solos. Adm. 1*s.*

COMMITTEE for Promotion of New Music presents its 115th Studio Recital at Salle Erard (Augener), Gt. Marlborough St., at 6.30 on Tues., April 4. Chairman: Benjamin Frankel. 1st Speaker: Arthur Jacobs.

PRIORY Church of St. Bartholomew The Great (W. Smithfield). Wed., April 5, at 7.30 p.m. Music for Lent & Easter. (Missa Quand' Io Penso by O. di Lasso, Motets by Tallis, Byrd, Palestrina, Sweelinck, van Berchem, Clemens, etc.). Combined Choir of Loughton High School & Bancroft's School. Adm. free. Programme 2*s.*

RECITAL: Helen Henschel on Sir George Henschel's "Recollections of Brahms," Cowdray Hall, Cavendish Sq. Wed., April 5, at 8 p.m. Tickets from Royal College of Nursing, Henrietta Place, W.1. Lan. 2646.

A CONCERT of Rumanian Contemporary & Folk Music, Wigmore Hall, April 15, 7 p.m. Martin Lawrence, Esther Salaman, Ivry Gitlis, Violin. Leonard Cassini, Piano. Tickets, Reserved 5*s.* & 3*s.*, unreserved 2*s.*, from Box Office, at Wigmore Hall, Wigmore St., W.1, or British Rumanian Friendship Assoc., 101 Broadhurst Gdn., N.W.6 (MAI. 5988).

EXHIBITIONS

INDIAN Textiles Exhibition at India House, Aldwych. Mar. 17-Apr. 21. Ancient Textiles, Modern Mill and Cottage Industry Products, Cotton, Silk, Woollens, Furnishing Fabrics, Household Linen, Brocade, Jute, Coir, Carpets. Mon.-Sat. 9.30-5 p.m. Adm. free.

LONDON-Paris. New Trends in Painting & Sculpture. 16 artists presented by Inst. of Contemporary Arts. New Burlington Galls., Old Burlington St., W.1. March 8-April 4. Dly. 10-6. Tu., Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1*s.* 6*d.*

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Retrospective Exhibition of A. Mintchine, 1898-1931. Opening April 4.

"PARIS—Londres"; Pictures recently purchased in France by Corot, Monet, Renoir, Bonnard, Vuillard, Utrillo, etc., 9.30-6. Sats. 9.30-1. Tooth's, 31 Bruton St., W.1. Closing April 6.

PAUL Alexander Gallery. Exhib. of Woollen Textiles by Avoca Handweavers from Ireland. 190 Kensington Church St., W.8.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Pictures by Sickert; recent work by Mollie Paxton and Brian Midlane. Last wk.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. French Masters of the 19th and 20th Century, daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1.

LITTLE Gallery, 10 Piccadilly Arcade, S.W.1. Paintings by Gerald Rowe, March 27-April 15, 1950.

ST. George's Gallery, 81 Grosvenor St., W.1. Contemporary Austrian Painters. First exhibn. in England. 10-6. Sats. 10-1.

EXHIBITION of Students' Designs for an Institute of Contemporary Arts Centre. Entrance free. 7 Bedford Square, W.C.1. Week-days 10 a.m.-5 p.m. April 4-19. (Closed April 6-10.)

ALRESFORD Place Hostel—School for Maladjusted Children. Exhibition of Paintings. Play, and Ballet. 3.30-6, Saturday, April 1. Admission free. Apply to the Warden, Alresford Place, Old Alresford, Hants.

ASIAN Institute Gallery, 17 Irving St., Leicester Sq. Paintings by Asian Artists in London. Until April 13.

RECENT Goethe Books, English & Foreign, at Senate House, W.C.1. Apr. 3-29 (excl. Easter week-end). 10-5. Adm. free.

CONTEMPORARY Furniture of new and exclusive design, as shown at the Ideal Home Exhibition, now on view at Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

PHŒNIX Gallery offers Reproductions of Old Masters, English Landscape studies and the Modern French School. They are available framed and unframed. Write for a catalogue to 38 William IV St., Charing Cross, W.C.2. (Hours: Mon., Fri., 9.30-6.)

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George St., W.1. Recent Pntgs. by Peter Rose Pulham. Watercolour Drawings & Collages by E. Q. Nicholson. Illus. for Rimbaud's "Une Saison en Enfer": Keith Vaughan. Until Apr. 15.

EPSTEIN'S "Lazarus" and new bronzes. Paintings and water-colours by Ethelbert White. Leicester Galleries, Leicester Sq., 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Monday, April 3, 7.30 p.m. N.T.U. Club, 12 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2. "Current Problems in Education." H. D. Hughes. Adm. 1*s.* 6*d.*

ACTION for Peace! British delegates to World Peace Committee in Stockholm report. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square. Tuesday, April 4, 7.30 p.m. Prof. Bernal. J. G. Crowther. James Aldridge.

MARCH 31, Fri., Memorial Hall, near Ludgate Circus, 7 p.m. Public Meeting: "Lift the Ban on Seretse Khama." Chairman: L. C. White. Speakers include Learie Constantine, A. E. Coppard, The Rev. G. R. Norton, R. Bridgeman, C.M.G., M.V.O. Organised by National Council for Civil Liberties.

BRITISH Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Tues., April 4, 7.30 p.m. Talk by Karl Merz: "Freedom of the Individual in Czechoslovakia." Evening meal from 6.30 p.m.

BRITISH-American Fellowship. Lectures, films, News-letter, correspondence with U.S.A., etc. Details from Secretary, B.A.F., 24 Cadogan Gdns. S.W.3. Next meeting—Brains Trust, Bedford Hotel, Southampton Row, W.C.1, 6.45 on April 4. Visitors welc.

"SHAW and Dickens," by Jack Lindsay. (Chair: Esme Percy), Shaw Soc., 57 Dean St., W.1, March 31, 7 p.m. 1*s.* 6*d.* April 28: Constance Cummings on "St. Joan."

DR. H. J. J. Winter on "The History of Scientific Thought with Special Reference to Asia," on April 7, at 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch, at 8.15 p.m. All welcome.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. W.C.1. Sunday meeting at 11 o'clock. Apr. 2: Professor G. W. Keeton, M.A., LL.D., "General Elections—Ancient and Modern." Adm. free. For Reports of Lectures, see "The Monthly Record," by post, 4*s.* p.a., from Secy.

HAMPSTEAD Ethical Soc. Sun., Apr. 2, 7.45, at Univ. Restnt., 169a, Finchley Rd. (nr. Hamp. Baths). M. L. Burnet (Asst. Sec. Ethical Union): "Justice among Nations."

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welc. April 2: Reincarnation and Karma.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

WOODBROOKE College, Selly Oak, Birmingham. Woodbrooke is one of a group of Educational Institutions known as The Selly Oak Colleges. Its aim is to give men and women from many countries and with a great variety of outlook, an opportunity of preparing for various forms of Christian service. Study courses include: The Foundations of the Christian Faith, The Bible, Quakerism, International Relations. These are arranged to suit those who may be able to come to Woodbrooke for one term only. A wide choice of other study courses is available through the Selly Oak Colleges Central Staff. Summer term: April 22-July 8. Apply for prospectus: Warden, Woodbrooke, Selly Oak, Birmingham, 29.

COME & take part in International Week-end Conferences in pleasant surroundings on vital problems of our modern world. April 29 & 30: World Citizenship and World Government, May 13 & 14: The United Nations and its Agencies, May 27 & 28: Russia. Also: Summer Schools from May till Sept. Apply for particulars to Sec., International People's College, 10 South Bolton Gardens, S.W.5.

BECOME Your Own Economist: Free. A 10-week course of study and discussion of the Fundamental Laws of Political Economy and Social Philosophy. At 4 Great Smith St., Westminster. Attend Tuesdays/Thurs. Commencing April 18 and 20. Write Henry George School, above address, for prospectus or 'phone Abbey 6665. (Strictly non-party.)

INDIVIDUAL Psychology. A week-end (non-residential) Conference in Individual Psychology (Adler) will be held in Windsor, Fri. 14-Sun. 16 April, 1950. Fee for all lectures 10*s.* Full partics. from the Conference Secretary, 10 Peascod Street, Windsor, Berks.

PEARSON Foundation College. Write Registrar, 10 South Bolton Gardens, S.W.5, for syllabus, Easter Lectures (April 10-15), "Man and Superman."

THE Soviet Controversies in Art & Science. Easter vacation course Apr. 12-16. Partics.: S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8.

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training for graduates and other educated girls. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Special courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work; Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands, and in Management. Scholarships. Resident and day students accepted. Social amenities. Apply to J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab), St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd. N.W.3. HAM. 5986.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

CULTURAL Holidays in the Tyrol. June, July, August. Combine a delightful Tyrolean Holiday in the Oetz Tal with fascinating Study Courses in German Language and Literature; Austrian History, Art, Music, Folk Lore, etc., under Faculty Members of University of Innsbruck. Inclusive charge (14 days, 21gns.; 21 days, 26gns.) covers all travel, hotels, meals, guides, lectures. Write for leaflet "1950 Summer Courses." Austria Travel Agency, 90 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1.

THE Isobel Cripps Centre is an independent organisation founded to extend and develop the work of the Psycho-Physical Re-education Group. The teachers concerned are qualified to teach Mr. F. M. Alexander's re-educational technique. Particulars from Secretary, 18 Lansdowne Rd. Holland Park, W.11. Park 7222.

HOVEL Theatre Studio, 23 St. Ann's Villas, Royal Crescent, W.11. SLO. 1040, BAY. 2093. Full stage training, Stanislavsky Method. Day and evening classes. Apply: Secretary.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

THE Tenth Roel Summer School of Puppetry will be held in Cheltenham from August 12-26. Further particulars from the Secretary, The Roel Summer School, Guiting Power, nr. Cheltenham.

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